

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY



3 1761 06305048 8

The
GOLDEN RULE
IN BUSINESS

Arthur Nash

SR
N1719

THEOL.
STACK

THE GOLDEN RULE IN BUSINESS

The Golden Rule in Business

By

ARTHUR NASH

*President, The A. Nash Company,
Cincinnati, Ohio*

*"Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that
men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for
this is the law and the prophets."—MATT. vii:12.*



NEW YORK

CHICAGO

Fleming H. Revell Company

LONDON AND EDINBURGH

SR

N1719

THEOL.
STACK

Copyright, 1923, by
FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY

38419

29-1-1926

New York: 158 Fifth Avenue
Chicago: 17 North Wabash Ave.
London: 21 Paternoster Square
Edinburgh: 75 Princes Street

To All

*who, in any way, are striving to promote
the Brotherhood of Man and the Fel-
lowship of Service, in a Spirit of Love
and Sympathy, this Book is dedicated.*

CONTENTS

I. HOOSIER DAYS	9
II. AT THE CROSS-ROADS . . .	20
III. BITTER YEARS	33
IV. HOW IT ALL BEGAN	46
V. THE GREAT DISCOVERY . . .	59
VI. AN EARLY TRIBUTE	70
VII. ALIAS HATTIE CLARK . . .	82
VIII. AN INSIDE VIEW	103
IX. JESUS AS A BUSINESS MAN . .	116
X. SERVICE—HUMAN AND DIVINE .	127
XI. "SOMETHING ATTEMPTED— SOMETHING DONE"	136

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

TO Philip I. Roberts, I desire to accord full credit for the invaluable assistance rendered me in the collation and preparation of the contents of the following pages, and without which, this book might never have been published.

A. N.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

I

HOOSIER DAYS

WHETHER the purpose of a writer be to set forth a record of actual happenings or to present a purely imaginative creation, the easiest possible way to relate a story (as it is to read one), is to begin at the beginning and tell it. I need scarcely to remind my readers that I am not a novelist or *literatus*, but a plain business man, totally unversed in the art of weaving the fabrics of fancy and romance. My sole purpose in the presentation of what follows in these pages, is to bring together the salient facts of a career which, though marred by much failure, has been marked, undeniably, by a measure of honourable achievement.

I propose, therefore, to start this story at the point where I, myself, started on life's journey, and in so far as ability permits, to recite the facts without equivocation.

I am proud to reckon myself a Hoosier. The eldest of nine children, I was born, fifty-

three years ago, in a little log cabin in Tipton County, Indiana. My father and mother were, and still are, strict Seventh Day Adventists. Both are still living in a green old age, near to the town of Cicero, Indiana, not far from the finely-equipped school, which the denomination to which they have given life-long allegiance has built, for the purpose of inculcating in the minds of its children the tenets of its faith.

In that faith—stern, rigid, uncompromising—I was reared and grew to manhood; and although I have long ago reached, and passed, the place where personal subscription to its claims and teachings are at all possible to me, yet I am quite persuaded, that from much that was set before me in childhood, I have never been able to wholly depart. Leaving the question of credal validity entirely to one side for a moment, I have no choice but to pay tribute to the utter sincerity and unswerving loyalty of what they believed, which my parents and those associated with them exhibited. Sincerity and loyalty, appraised altogether apart from any religious affiliation whatsoever, are virtues of the first water, jewels in the crown of the race; and

the people among whom my early years were spent, possessed and exemplified them in an altogether extraordinary way.

Then there was the great and sterling character of my parents. No story of my early years can possess any meaning unaccompanied by a full acknowledgment of it; nor has the influence it exerted perished from my life. To be sure, there were years when it appeared to be lost—years when sin and degradation closed in about me; but it was only hidden, covered for the time being, with the increment of wrong living and wrong doing. Now that these impedimenta have been cleared away, the seed has borne fruit, and my life has become, at least, something of worth, not only to myself, but to my fellow-men.

Especially to my mother do I desire to pay tribute. I cannot think of her without a deep sense of reverence. During my entire lifetime I never once knew her to tell a lie, nor even to equivocate in any way. To believe a thing to be right, moreover, meant with her the doing of it, regardless of the character of the consequences. Had she lived in the days of religious persecution, she, doubtless, would

have been a martyr, for any such thing as a denial or betrayal of her belief never so much as crossed her mind.

It is a God-given privilege possessed by woman—that of being in a position to mold the lives of husband and children. Menfolk, at best, are wayward creatures and prone to err. None of us is without room for such enhancement and enrichment of character, as only the influence of a good woman can impart. My own recollection of early days is, that such proved to be the case in our family. With marvelous, unwearying patience, my mother strove to wean us from all sorts of weaknesses and shortcomings, to foster in us a high regard for honour, truth, and righteous dealing, and the desire to aim, at least in part, to emulate her own fine resolves and high spiritual achievements. With her, duty and her legitimate relation thereto, religion and her acceptance and profession thereof, meant something more than mere acquaintance with, or mental subscription to, a set of rules or a code of ethics. It meant the living of a life.

Unquestionably, my mother was a striking example of one who was indubitably right, in

precisely the same sense in which nine out of every ten of us are wrong. She was entirely free from making the initial mistake of treating religion as just one avenue or side of her being. With her—it was everything. She furnished a continual reproof to all who allow habit, obedience, conventionality, occasional prayer and Sunday church-going, to become the substitute for an out-and-out profession of faith. It would be a great boon to humanity, if the freedom which marks almost every other phase of modern life, that is setting men and women free from all sorts of hoary, time-worn convictions, would set them free in these regards also. For the kind of religious practice I have just described is simply a mirage of the real thing, and not even a true mirage; for that, at least, is a representation of something, whereas this formality has no correspondence with reality at all. If Christianity be simply reckoned as one among the world's many religious systems, then, maybe, such make-believe might pass muster; for the other systems recognize religion as something appealing to one side of man's manifold activities. But Christianity is not as one among such religions.

If these be religions—I write in no spirit of bigotry or exclusiveness, mind you—if these be religions, if this is what religion really means, then Christianity is no religion at all. We must abandon the old, mistaken, useless word. If the word *religion* belongs to any attitude which can, for example, separate a man's political actions or business methods from the creed he is supposed to confess, then, in no sense, is Christianity a religion at all.

My mother made no such foolish, untenable profession. For her, earth was no stronghold of materialism in which the things of the spirit found no place. For her it was a place in which God dwelt; and she lived her life as under His all-seeing eye. A place of struggle, to be sure, where courage and zest and hope are part of the soul's daily need, yet a place in which one knew something of the urge and passion of service, of the satisfaction of tasks honourably and steadfastly undertaken, of duty bravely and nobly done. Grim days these were for her at times—days when the toil of life seemed utterly barren, and those about her, uncomprehending as the stones of the road; but she never swerved, never turned aside. And my memory of her,

as she lived and moved among the common experiences of daily life, is the memory of a true and beautiful mother-soul.

Moreover, it is my deep, unalterable conviction that the influence of my mother, not only shaped my father's life and made him the grand old patriarch he is today, but formed and furnished the foundation upon which I have been able to rear, in these later years, the structure of my life of well-intentioned service.

May Cornell Stoiber, who some time ago visited my mother, says in an article she afterward wrote concerning her: "I noted this woman's firmness and tenderness. She feels that her belief in religion being truth, everything else must give precedence to this, and as she devotes herself to her religion so her son devotes himself to his business. Each has found God, the mother in her Church, the son in the religion of business and humanity.

"I asked the mother what were the chief characteristics she remembered in her son's childhood?

" 'Well,' she said, 'he was always truthful.' Here she paused and smiled, 'Except once.' Mrs. Nash laughed girlishly and happily.

“‘Yes, he always told the truth except once, and that was when he bought a pocket knife. I told him he couldn’t have one and the first thing I knew I saw him using one. He made no effort to hide it; he never hid anything, he always told on himself.

“‘I said, “Where did you get that pocket knife?”

“‘“I haven’t any,” he said, slowly putting it in his pocket.

“‘“Yes, you have. Where did you get it?”

“‘“Oh, you know I bought it.”

“‘“How much did you give for it?”

“‘“A quarter.”

“‘“You gave seventy-five cents for that knife, Arthur.”

“‘“Yes, that’s what it cost.”

“‘“Well, why didn’t you say so?”

“‘“Oh, ’cause I knew *you’d* know, anyway, how much I gave for that knife.”

“‘Well, that wasn’t quite like George Washington, but it came as close to it as a real youngster ever comes.’”

Such was the character, and such the influence, of the woman under whose guidance I spent my early years. That such a char-

acter and such an influence, should fail utterly in bringing something of real worth to fruition in the lives of her children, is unthinkable. That it has done so in my case, I humbly and gratefully acknowledge. The power and "pull" of those dear, old Indiana days are with me still. I pray God they may never depart from out of my life. That (as already stated) I do not, today, regard Adventism as a creed to which I can give my allegiance is, in this connection, entirely by the way. The chief thing which out of my early training I have been able to retain is this: The first essential of a man who deserves to make a success of his religion is the moral straightforwardness that takes it seriously, that realizes that it is not a thing to be trifled with and played at—a hobby to be taken up because it happens to agree with one's temperament, or is bound up with his family history, but a mode and a method of life, which is absolutely meaningless unless it is given a *bearing on the whole of life*, and a significance for its every part; something that has to be translated into everyday terms of conduct and behaviour.

In addition to this fundamental honesty of

heart toward the things of the spirit, I still retain a hold on this principle of which I was given a first glimpse in early Hoosier days. If the heart is to be *honest*, it must be *good*. I am employing that word here in a special sense. It does not mean the same thing as honesty, but rather a quality of character without which religious honesty is often, if not always, quite impossible. It is a word of which the evangelist Luke appears to have been especially fond, and it indicates a certain robust and courageous quality which stands out finely in contrast to the rather academic sort of piety that often monopolizes the name. It is the goodness that has the pluck to run risks, to endure hardness like a good soldier, to venture a good deal—everything else if necessary—for the sake of loyalty and conviction. When Luke tells us, for instance, that Joseph of Arimathæa was “a good man and a just,” when he tells us that Barnabas was “a good man and full of the Holy Ghost,” he selects a couple of men who were outstanding and peculiar examples of moral courage. Both men, as the stories plainly indicate, were men who were to be depended on, who could be trusted to do what

they deemed to be the right thing, with a certain reckless disregard of consequences.

It is a long hark from the dawn-time of Christianity to this year of grace 1923, yet we may wager our very existence on the fact that now, as then, if a man is to make a success of his religion, if it is to tell for anything at all, he must not only have honesty of conviction but courage. In fact, he cannot really have the former without the latter. "Safety first" may be an excellent rule of the road, but it is a poor one for the Christian journey. Moral timidity brings forth no perfect fruit.

These were the qualities which marked my homefolk and their immediate associates. I had ample opportunity to witness them exercised again and again. "Nothing daunted, nothing fearing," these simple people went steadily along their way. I grew up, I repeat, among them, reached man's estate, with their example constantly before my eyes. The effect it wrought is with me still, and keeps me, as I trust it ever will, with my face turned toward One

*"To Whose all-pondering Mind a noble aim
Faithfully kept, is as a noble deed;
In Whose pure sight all virtue doth succeed."*

II

AT THE CROSS-ROADS

OUTSIDE of the fact of its representing some sort of a religious system or cult, the term *Seventh Day Adventism* can mean little or nothing to many who will scan these pages. They regard it as being merely a combination of vowels and consonants. The character and content of what its leaders teach and its adherents believe, is as far beyond the frontier of their interest as it is beyond that of their knowledge. Yet in view of the statement contained in the previous chapter—that as a Seventh Day Adventist I was reared and grew to manhood, and of the further fact that, as a fully accredited member of that Church I became a preacher of its doctrines, it can scarcely be deemed irrelevant if I outline, briefly, the history and belief of the people among whom I was raised.

Seventh Day Adventism originated in the work of one William Miller, who was born in

Pittsfield, Massachusetts, February 15, 1782, and died at Low Hampton, New York, December 20, 1849. A farmer by occupation and possessing very limited educational advantages, he became deeply interested in the study of prophecy. In 1833 he began to lecture on the Second Coming of Christ, and predicted the destruction of the world in 1843. He made many converts to his views, in this country, in Canada, and in Great Britain. They were called Millerites. The prophet's prediction of doom having failed, he made other dates for its consummation. These failing also, the faith of many of his followers weakened and numbers fell away. Yet he still remained regarded as a man of deep sincerity, great intellectual ability, and a devoted Christian, by a large body of people.

In 1846, James White and his wife, adding certain tenets to the creed of the original Millerites, founded the Seventh Day branch of Adventists. At various times they made their headquarters at Paris, Maine, and Saratoga, Oswego, and Rochester, in the State of New York. In the year 1855 they settled at Battle Creek, Michigan, which,

until recent times, formed the centre of their activities.

The main points of doctrine taught by Seventh Day Adventists, as set forth in their literature, are as follows: They believe in the divine Sonship of Jesus Christ; that the seventh day, Saturday, is the Sabbath of the Lord God; that the keeping of Sunday is the mark of the beast, the Sabbath having been iniquitously changed by the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church; that the beasts of the Apocalypse are to be identified with the said Catholic Church, and that by changing the day set apart for the observance of the Sabbath they established the mark of their power; that the observance of Sunday is that against which the terrible pronouncement is made in Revelation xiv: 9-11: "And the third angel followed them, saying with a loud voice, If any man worship the beast and his image, and receive his mark in his forehead, or in his hand, the same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation; and he shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the Lamb: and the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for

ever and ever: and they have no rest day nor night who worship the beast and his image, and whosoever receiveth the mark of his name.”

In addition to these things, Seventh Day Adventists believe that their late leader, Ellen G. White, was inspired in precisely the same way as were the writers of Holy Scripture; that the Bible must be so interpreted as to harmonize absolutely with her writings; that all the great prophecies of Scripture, except those relating to the end of the world, have already been fulfilled; that all should pay tithes; that all churches, save only the Seventh Day Adventist, constitute Babylon and are spurned of God; that they, and they alone, are called to give the last warning of approaching doom to mankind; that this is the very last hour of the world's history; that the dead are unconscious, body and soul alike, biding the great awakening; that the wicked, together with Satan, will be annihilated; that when Christ comes, for whose advent they are hourly waiting, only one hundred and forty-four thousand of all people then living on this planet will be saved—and, of course, all these will be Seventh Day Adventists.

These people believe, moreover, in the inspiration of Holy Scripture, in definite conversion, in absolute temperance, in continence and purity of life, and in other uplifting ideals common to all right-minded members of society.

There are a great number of excellent men and women among them, and while they have no fellowship with other religious communions, as far as possible, proselytize from all. They are zealous and utterly sincere, both in precept and practice, to the doctrine to which they adhere.

Holding to the beliefs they do, it is not surprising to find that Seventh Day Adventists regard it as being contrary to their principles to send their children to the public schools. In this, as in other matters, they exhibit a spirit of unbending consistency. I have personal knowledge of little groups of Adventists, dotted up and down the country, so poor as to be just about touching the poverty line, who, in some way or other, contrive to raise money to maintain what they describe as a church school—a school in which there are gospel-readers, gospel-spellers, gospel-arithmetics; where anything approaching what

other people would regard as an ordinary manual of physical geography is not used, because it is looked upon as teaching infidelity. Yet knowledge of the Bible (of its literal text, I mean), among the Adventists is simply extraordinary. I have no hesitancy in stating that no body of Christians to be found anywhere in the whole, wide world can even begin to compare with them in this respect. Even the young children are more familiarized with the Holy Scripture than most grown-ups of other sects. I have known more than one youngster, of twelve years or so, who could have put the majority of preachers I have ever been privileged to meet, to complete confusion in a knowledge of the contents of the Bible.

In the days of my youth, the theological school of the Seventh Day Adventists was located at Battle Creek, Michigan. To that school I was sent, and when I had finished my study-course it was said of me by some of the elders that, in their judgment, if the entire text of the New Testament should become lost, I could replace it from memory. That, of course, is a pretty tall statement, and I must be permitted to deny ever having

claimed the qualifications such an extraordinary feat would entail. But this much I have no hesitancy in saying: Did anyone, in those days, misquote a passage from the King James Version of the New Testament in my hearing, I would detect it instantly. This is no idle boast, no hyperbolic assertion; it is a statement of plain, indisputable fact—one of which I am justly proud. For if a man never learns another thing in his life, he should learn the New Testament; and this I had been doing from my very earliest days.

At the time when I completed my course at Battle Creek, the Seventh Day Adventists had a school for ministers and missionaries in the city of Detroit. To this school, in which there were about twenty-five young people preparing to become bearers of the "Third Angel's Message," I was sent as an instructor. A short while after I had entered on my duties, the elder, who resided at the school in order to keep a watchful eye on both students and instructors, handed me a card of invitation, which read as follows: "This will be your Sunday [naming a date some few weeks ahead] to conduct services in

the d'Arcambal Home. Kindly let us know if you can be present."

"What does this mean?" I asked the elder.

"There is an old lady here in Detroit," he replied, "who maintains a home for jail-birds. The ministers of the city have made it a custom, to take turns holding services there on Sunday afternoons. I suppose this invitation means that it is our turn. But we never pay any attention to them."

I made no reply at the time. Later, I talked the matter over with a young man in the school who was a very accomplished singer as well as a progressive student. We decided we would like to go and take a peep at the d'Arcambal jail-birds.

"Mother" d'Arcambal, the widow of a French count, was an invalid, yet a woman who was doing a wonderful humanitarian work in the city of Detroit. She had a representative of her Home meet every discharged prisoner at the gate of the state prison at Jackson, and offer him a shelter and an opportunity to make a new start in life. She, and her husband, had built the Home, and had a rug and broom factory connected therewith. As I have just said, Madame d'Arcambal did

a great work, and scores, possibly hundreds, of men who, else, had gone down into irretrievable ruin, were by her Christly spirit and practical assistance saved to society and years of better living. When she died, the whole of the religious world of Detroit—Protestant, Catholic, Jewish—paid homage to the work and worth of a real friend of the fallen, to a great servant of God.

To resume: The young student and myself went to the service we had been invited to conduct. After it had been concluded, Mother d’Arcambal said to me: “Mr. Nash, this appears to be a dreadfully busy world. For some time, as you may know, I have been an invalid; and although many good and worthy people unite in supporting our institution they don’t come in to see me very often, and I get awfully lonesome. Won’t you try to arrange to come here, once in a while, and read the Scriptures and talk with me?”

To this dear soul’s request I very gladly acceded, and for the next two or three months I spent one or two evenings each week at the bedside of Agnes L. d’Arcambal. I was with her when she bade the world good-bye, and

passed to a higher and larger sphere of service.

A few days after the death of this good woman, I was engaged in class instruction in the school, expounding the "Third Angel's Message" contained in Revelation xiv, describing to the students what, according to the Adventist interpretation, the mark of the beast was, and what the seal of God, and how the one hundred and forty-four thousand, who were to stand secure from the otherwise general condemnation upon the sea of glass, must be observers of the seventh day as the Sabbath of the Lord. When I had finished my lesson, the supervising elder rose in his place and said: "Brother Nash, I want to ask you a question. In view of the exposition you have just given the class, do you believe that Mrs. d'Arcambal can be saved?"

The question hit me as would a blow planted squarely between the eyes. Up to that moment, possibly, I had never ventured on a really independent thought in the whole course of my life. I had accepted and taken for granted the impeccable truth of what my "spiritual pastors and masters" had taught me. But right there I was literally jolted by

the question, put to me by that stern elder, into some sort of genuine mental action. I knew something of the worth of this woman's life of service, of her great heart of sympathy and love. I knew of the hand of helpfulness she had stretched out to those who had stumbled along life's journey, and had lost the way. I knew of her faith in God, and, what is more, of her faith in the possibilities for good surviving somewhere in the deeps of even the worst of mankind. Mother d'Arcambal not saved? The thing was absurd, utterly unthinkable. Every feeling within me revolted at the idea. So I blurted out: "I want to ask *you* a question. Do you think Jesus Christ can be saved?"

Now I suppose that was a shocking thing to say in an Adventist school. It would be a startling, if not shocking, thing to say anywhere. Yet it must be remembered that I was but a youngster at the time, and the phrase was born out of the heartfelt indignation that swept over me at the suggestion of a soul like that which I knew had dwelt in Mother d'Arcambal being consigned to perdition, simply because of a question which, in essence, relates only to a weekly calendar.

But I had most certainly flung a bombshell in our class that morning. The elder straightened himself up, and fixing me with his eye, replied, "Young man, probably you are not aware that Mrs. d'Arcambal once went down to Battle Creek, listened to the great truths of the Third Angel's Message from Elder White, Elder Uriah Smith, and other of our great leaders, and rejected them. Moreover, what right has a young, inexperienced upstart like you to liken this woman to Jesus Christ?"

My immediate reply was that I *did* know she had been to Battle Creek. I knew, also, that she had listened to expositions of Seventh Day Adventist doctrine by the great leaders of the Church, but did *not* know she had rejected them. However, I was so aroused that I did not even state that fact. I merely informed the elder that I did know that she had been to Battle Creek. I was not looking for a way to dodge the issue I had raised.

Well, the upshot of that morning's experience was, that the Conference Committee of the Adventist Church was notified to convene to consider my heresy. The good brethren

who composed it were scattered all over the State of Michigan, and it required two or three days' time to bring them together. During that period I knew not what sleep meant. I pondered and pondered, until my brain practically refused to function. But before I reached this mental impassè, I had arrived at a definite irrevocable conclusion. When the Committee finally met, its deliberations were short, if not sweet. I went into the room where its members were gathered and said: "Before you enter on a consideration of my case, I have just a dozen words to say which will clear the atmosphere in better fashion than two hours of cross-examination. They are these: If people like Mother d'Arcambal are doomed to go to hell, I want to go with them. Good-bye!"

III

BITTER YEARS

I WONDER how many of my readers have been called upon to pass through an experience, as bitter and as searching, as that I have endeavoured to describe in the previous chapter? Those who have will find themselves able to extend me a larger measure of sympathy and find themselves possessing a clearer understanding of its character than those who have not. I believe, however, that most, if not all, will in some measure, at least, be able to appreciate the tremendous crisis it represented for me.

The very ground on which I stood hitherto, crumbled beneath my feet. Remember, that from my earliest infancy I had never heard or learned anything of a religious character except the tenets and teachings of Adventism. On their validity, and my acceptance of them, the authority of Holy Scripture, the verities of the Christian faith, the very fact of God Himself, had turned. As I let go of

them, I seemed, at the same time, to be letting go of every other thing—human and divine. My soul became a rifled chamber, robbed ruthlessly of its every treasure. Every laudable impulse, and up-reaching desire, died away in my heart—died swiftly, as a soldier might die in the heat of battle, as a bullet crashes through his brain. The light in my spiritual firmament faded suddenly into the “blackness of darkness”; my sun went down at high noon.

The experience through which I passed is now but a memory, yet a memory which has never ceased to exert an influence on my attitude toward my fellow-man. Once in a while, I come into contact with a man who is treading the same difficult and darkened pathways that were mine in the days with which I am now dealing. To such an one my heart goes out, because I know how utterly lost a man can feel when he finds himself suddenly bereft of everything on which his soul was stayed.

Men there are, of whom I have met thousands, who are making their way through life untroubled by a single problem or question relating to spiritual things, or with anything

relating to creed or belief. Not vicious men, these, not notoriously evil. On the contrary, many are to be reckoned as being among the most respectable and respected members of society. Such matters as these simply have no place in their scheme of things—that is all. Born in homes where no attention or significance was given to the things of the spirit, reared in an environment where personal religion played no part, they have grown to maturity completely insensible to the appeal of anything which does not relate immediately to sense and time. With such men, ignorance is indeed bliss, or at least freedom from “the gnawing worm.”

But let a man have behind him an upbringing such as mine—it matters not what the character of teaching he may have been under the influence of—and the case is altered, instantly. Try as he will, by any sort of known means, laudable or reprehensible (as the world judges), he will fail to still the mutterings of conscience, or rid himself of the appeal of the Christian faith. He may aim to find distraction in dissipation, in social, even political, obligations; in love, marriage and the discharge of family duties; but he

will still hear the voice—the warning, pleading, condemning voice—crying: “*This* is the way, walk thou in it.” This is no “call to the unconverted” I am now making no “appeal to sinners,” but a plain statement of plain fact. And so, again I say, my heart always beats in sympathy with any man who, having once had a vision—no matter how misleading—of sacred things, finds himself compelled to turn his face away, only to find—confusion and chaos. That is a stretch of life’s journey, along which a man makes his way with bowed head and bleeding feet. It is a stretch I know well, for I have trodden it with heavy heart and bitter tears.

To that Conference Committee appointed to investigate my heresy, I talked readily enough about being willing to go to hell. Well, in the days following my breakaway from the beliefs of my childhood, I pretty nearly succeeded in getting there. In any case, I had a fairly good realistic rehearsal of what its experiences are going to be, for any soul that may eventually find its way there. I left the Adventist school in Detroit and went back to my father’s home in Indiana, realizing that I had flung away every vestige

of my faith and had become an infidel or, at any rate, an agnostic.

I did my level best to run away from duty, faith, God—and myself. My father strove earnestly with me to recant my heresy, to acknowledge my having turned traitor to the faith of my childhood. Two prominent elders of the Adventist Church added their pleading and argument to those of my father, but I turned a deaf ear to them all. For me, the lamp of faith had spluttered out.

I left my home in Indiana and took to the road. For four or five years I wandered about the Middle West, doing odd jobs here and there. Often did I go ragged and hungry. During those years, I never cared two straws which way a freight train was headed when I climbed into a box-car, or what it was I did to keep body and soul together. In a Michigan city I carried a brick-layer's labourer's hod; in several Indiana towns I worked as a plasterer; in a broom factory in southern Illinois; now and again with a bridge-construction gang. Seeking rest and finding none; roaming hither and thither with all good incentive and desire

absent from anything to which I set my hand, I became veritably lost.

All the while I endeavoured to foster my hatred and rejection of all religious belief. I read Tom Paine, Bob Ingersoll, and a host of other writers, in order to bolster up my contempt for religion, and to keep alive within me the conviction that Christian belief of every kind was sheer imaginative nonsense, possessing neither foundation, reasonableness nor logic. As to what extent I really succeeded in fooling myself in these particulars, I cannot, to-day, really determine. Probably, not at all. Looking backward, I see myself as I would see a drunkard or a dope-fiend, striving to drown some incident of his past in whiskey or cocaine. I strove to lay a ghost which refused to be laid; to blot out a memory that baffled all my efforts to eliminate it; to die—I, who had an immortal soul—to all good things. The mockery, the pain, the bitterness, the futility of it all!

Presently I made my way back to Detroit. The vast industries which, to-day, form the activities of the Michigan city were then undeveloped. The whole community was in the throes of a commercial slump, and the pov-

erty and suffering among the poor were very acute. Distress prevailed on every hand. My mind reverted to Agnes d'Arcambal: I began to think of the good she would strive to be doing, were she still alive, and out of the thought grew a desire to do something to relieve the misery which surrounded me on every side.

Here, again, was evidence of how the influence of a life given over to the service of humanity continues to exert its power, long after its owner has passed from the sphere of mundane things. Here was I, a man who for years had striven to drive out of my ken and remembrance the last recollection of everybody and everything of a worthy or ennobling nature, finding myself drawn back to the viewpoint of a servant of Jesus, looking with eyes of pity on the distressed and possessed by a desire to help the needy—in short, doubling back on the unworthy motives I had striven desperately to foster, through a stretch of arid, wasted years! Yet so it was; and thus sprung again into activity the first humanitarian—shall I say Christly?—impulse that had throbbed within me, since my dismissal from the Adventist school.

With the aid of some of the residents of the city, I was enabled to open a laundry which found employment for quite a number of the poor people who were without work, and almost without bread. The church people began to send us their business, and the concern soon began to get under way. I was also able to get them to donate a carload of provisions for distribution among the neediest of the city's residents. It was, I think, while engaged in this work, that I once more found myself. Among the shadows, I once more caught a glimpse of light. Here was I, who for years had been railing against God and goodness, simply forced to the conclusion that whether the Deity existed or not, there were good people in the world—people who were not ashamed to confess that they found their incentive to aid their fellows in love for Christ, and in a belief in the principles He increasingly proclaimed.

Looking back to this particular period in my life, I see myself in something of the same situation as the infidel of whom Mark Rutherford tells. Rutherford relates how he once heard this man expatiating on the enigmas of the world, and indicating the numerous ways

in which, if he had had the making of it, he could, and would have made it better. He would have eliminated the shadows! Mark Rutherford left the lecturer and his lecture, in order that he might think the matter through. He came to the conclusion that the speaker was on an utterly false track. "Perfectly uninterrupted, infinite light, uncrossed by any shadow," he mused, "is a physical absurdity. I see a thing because it is lighted, because also of the differences in light,—in other words, because of the shade. Without shade, the universe would be objectless—in fact, invisible."

The great truth was wonderfully illustrated in my life during the experiences with which I am now dealing. Shadows, aplenty, were all about me. To begin with, there was the shadow which enwrapped my own soul. To be sure, a few stray rays of light had begun to creep in on the inner darkness, but, at the time, they were only rays. Then, there were the shadows which physical distress and short-commons were flinging all over the city. And there were others.

Yet the truth of the old proverb that "shadow proveth sun" was once more demon-

strated, for it was while engaged in this relief work that I met what I am in the habit of calling my Third Angel. The first was my mother; the second was Agnes d'Arcambal; the third was my wife. (It will be seen that I was destined never to escape the Third Angel part of my early teaching!) She was, at this time, superintendent of a Y. W. C. A. boarding school. We were married in the following spring.

The woman I chose for my life-partner was possessed by a strong, robust faith. Her spiritual vision was not impaired, as was my own, by the glare and glitter of sordid things. The pure in heart—and *only* the pure in heart—*do* see God. My association with her began to have an altogether uplifting and enheartening influence on my earth-wearied spirit. The work was slow and difficult, yet it was always headed in the right direction. Eventually, she convinced me that all my finely-spun theories, and what I deemed sledge-hammer arguments, were, in reality, not against Christianity itself, but against a misapprehension and misinterpretation of it. I had been watching *men*, and ignoring Jesus. The frailties and failures of humanity had

kept me from seeing that the Christ could not, and would not fail.

After some little time had elapsed, I determined to re-enter the ministry—this time in the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ)—and accepted a small pastorate in Bluffton, Ohio. The end of this fresh start in definite religious work was, however, destined to come with almost bewildering suddenness. A kindly-hearted, yet professedly unreligious man died in the community in which I was labouring. In preaching his memorial sermon, I eulogized his many virtues in a way which brought down upon me the censure of my church officials, and my resignation was called for.

For me the times were once more “out of joint.” I had no job, and by this time, had a wife and three small children to support. Eventually I became acquainted with some men who were selling clothing among the farming communities, for a house in Chicago. They invited me to join them; I did so, and it took but a short time to demonstrate the fact that I was a far better salesman than preacher.

So ended, and began, another chapter in

my life. The "active ministry" I left, I suppose, for the last time. Yet—to anticipate events—I am, today, addressing larger audiences and filling more church appointments by ten-fold than in the days when I was "one of the cloth." But that time had not, as yet, arrived. Nor had the vision of the work I was one day to take up as yet been vouchsafed me. I turned back to commercial life, but without any bitterness in my heart. One—nay, two things—I learned during my second "ministerial term," which I have never unlearned. They still form part of my rule of life. The first is the realization that the inspiration for effective Christian service is a real, living, vibrant love for Jesus—His ideals, His companionship, His purposes. The second is to always "remember that our job and ourselves are *one*."

Some of my readers may recall the story of the workman employed on the building of one of the great English cathedrals. Day after day, during his dinner-hour, his fellow-workmen found him seated close to the office of works, gazing at a coloured sketch hung on one of its walls. When some of them berated him for not being sociable and mixing

in, during the noon recess, the old man with a curious light in his eyes, replied: "No, fellows, you are wrong about that. That's not the reason I've got for sitting here day after day. I'm only an old mortar-mixer on this job, as you all know; but it helps me to mix my mortar better *when I see what a beautiful building I'm working on!*" That should be the spirit of every man who is engaged in any sort of work that is worth the doing—

*"For note, when evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from the grey:
A whisper from the west
Shoots—'Add this to the rest,
Take it and try its worth: here dies another
day.'"*

IV

HOW IT ALL BEGAN

IN the year 1909, I took up my residence in Columbus, Ohio, and started to manufacture men's clothing, to sell to the public direct. My business flourished right from the start. Pretty soon I had a dozen salesmen out on the road, and I began to make money. By the year 1913, my concern was standing pretty solidly on its feet. Then came the disastrous flood and I, together with many another man, found myself practically wiped out.

After this setback, I resolved to settle in Cincinnati. I was pretty close to the wall in those days—so close, indeed, that I had to obtain permission from my merchandise creditors to move my stock, and to find security for a note of seven hundred dollars I owed my bank. However, I got started, continued to make steady progress for three years, and in June, 1916, The A. Nash Company was organized, with a capital of \$60,000. We had

an office, cutting rooms, and a stock of goods. We cut the garments and farmed them out to be made up.

Meanwhile the World War continued its frightful work of devastation, and, as any reasoning human being could see, this country was surely, if slowly, drifting into it, we made no effort to develop the plant, electing to wait until the great struggle should be ended.

At this time The A. Nash Company was one of the smallest concerns in Cincinnati. As I have just intimated, we had no factory of our own. We had our place of business in the Power Building, and furnished floor-space to a man who had joined up with us, and who made our garments under contract. A short while after the Armistice was concluded, this man came to me and said, "Mr. Nash, I have heard nothing of my mother and sisters since the outbreak of the war. I want to go back to Europe. Will you buy my shop?"

"Yes," I replied, "under those conditions I will be glad to."

So we bought out this man, took over his business and the people he employed, and

for the first time his pay-roll came into my hands. Concerning this same pay-roll I want certain facts borne in mind. During the time America was engaged in the World War, business conditions in the clothing line in the city of Cincinnati were decidedly poor. Very few large government contracts were obtained by any of the firms located there, and no civilian clothes in any quantity were being bought, simply because all our young fellows were expecting, almost daily, to be called upon to don the uniform of Uncle Sam. So workers were on the old, low wage scale, when I took over this business.

Another fact should be borne in mind, namely, that the shop we bought was literally a sweat-shop, and that sweat-shops are always made up of inefficient workers who cannot get a job in a high-grade shop. Wages in what are known as "inside shops," run by the factories themselves, always start where the sweat-shop wages leave off; thus the wages that were being paid in this shop at the time we took it over, must not be confused with the wages paid in the inside shops of the large clothing manufacturers of Cincinnati.

In this shop were two workers that particu-

larly attracted my attention. One was a tall, dignified old lady, close on to eighty years of age, who pulled out bastings and sewed on buttons. The other was a little hunchback who ran a machine. Both were on this pay-roll at \$4.00 a week. Workers possessing a little more ability than they were supposed to possess, were receiving \$5.00 and \$6.00. The highest-paid woman in the shop was drawing \$7.00. The pressers and "skilled" men were getting \$18.00 a week. Such was the character of the wage-scale handed to me when The A. Nash Company became owners of their own factory.

I looked at that pay-roll and saw instantly that something stood between it and myself. It was the Golden Rule that recently I had been doing a good deal of talking about. I called my eldest son into conference and said to him, "Look at that pay-roll." Now it must be remembered that the boy was just back from a soul-racking experience on the battle-fields of Europe; that, as a result, he was in wretched health, and had not, as yet, begun to look at these matters as I had myself.

"Well, what of it?" he asked, as he scanned the paper.

"Just this," I answered. "You have been with me in some of the meetings where I have talked recently, in behalf of Liberty Loans, and you know something of the firm conviction that has sprung up in my heart concerning what this world can become if we really live out the Golden Rule. Do you think that holding such a conviction that I can go into that shop next Saturday, and hand these people pay-envelopes with any such wages in them as that sheet indicates?"

"What else can you do?" my son retorted. "If you don't, you knock yourself clean out. Yours is the same scale of wages that is being paid in all similar shops, and if you want to keep your end up, there is nothing you can do but stick to it." Nor was there—at least it looked that way just then.

I went home and discussed the situation with my wife. My boy's argument, taken at its face value, was sound enough. We were closing our fiscal year showing a loss of \$4,000. Our original investment of \$60,000 was shown by a recently taken inventory to have depreciated to \$56,000. No; there appeared to be but one alternative: I had to carry on this clothing business and continue

to mete out what I knew to be rank injustice—or get out of it. I decided to do the latter, and as there were only a few stock-holders besides myself, in the concern, I called them together the next morning and put the proposition up to them. They agreed to liquidate the company after I had promised to make good their loss, and return their investment. The most that I hoped to be able to do was to manage to get out with enough money to make a small first payment on a farm. As I said at the time: “*There’s* the only place where a man can really be a Christian. He certainly can’t be one in the clothing business.”

After this meeting with my fellow stock-holders I went into the factory, called my little group of workers together, and said something of this kind to them:

“Friends, you have heard no doubt that we have bought this shop, and I have come in to get acquainted with you. No doubt, too, you have heard a great deal about the talks that I have been giving during the War about Brotherhood and the Golden Rule, while pleading the cause of Christianity and its affiliation to my conception of true Democ-

racy. Now I am going to do a bit of talking to *you*. First, I want you to know that Brotherhood is a reality with me. You are all my brothers and my sisters, children of the same great Father that I am, and entitled to all the justice and fair treatment that I want for myself. And so long as we run this shop, [which to me meant three or four months longer] God being my helper, I am going to treat you as my brothers and sisters, and the Golden Rule is going to be our only governing law. Which means, that whatever I would like to have you do to me, were I in your place, I am going to do to you. Now," I went on, "not knowing any of you personally, I would like you to raise your hands as I call your names."

I read the first name. Under it was written: *Sewing on buttons—\$4.00 per week*. I looked straight before me at the little group, but saw no hand. Then I looked to my right, and there saw the old lady I have referred to, holding up her trembling hand. At first I could not speak, because, almost instantly, the face of my own mother came between that old lady and myself. I thought of my mother being in such a situation, and of what,

in the circumstances, I would want someone to do for *her*. I hardly knew what to say, because I was aware that when I went into the shop, that after agreeing to stand all of the loss entailed by the liquidation of the company, I could not go too far in raising wages. It seemed to be my obvious duty to salvage something for the boys who were coming home from military service, and for the daughter just entering the university. But as I looked at that old lady, and saw only my mother, I finally blurted out: "I don't know what it's worth to sew on buttons; I never sewed a button on. But your wages, to begin with, will be \$12.00 per week." That was a 300% raise. The next name on the list was that of the little hunchback, whose wages were the same as those of the aged worker. But I had established a precedent and so had to give her a 300% increase also. And so I went on, through my entire wage-sheet, right up to the \$18.00-a-week pressers, whose salaries I increased to \$27.00.

Let it be borne in mind that I was not acting under the spell of some wondrous, compelling vision. I realized with perfect clearness that the granting of these increases

meant, that every Saturday night, I would be taking just so many dollars as the increased pay-roll demanded, off the value of the farm I was proposing to buy. But I had reached a point in my thinking where I felt, that unless I was prepared to sacrifice every bit of laudable idealism I had in my soul, the thing had got to be gone through with. Having so far settled matters with my conscience and sense of equity, I began to look around for my farm. Beyond exercising some sort of general oversight, I ceased to pay much attention to the clothing business. Yet I became aware that, unmistakably, sales were picking up. This was because our soldier-boys were being demobilized, and a demand for civilian clothing accompanied the process.

Just at this time, I received news that a very dear friend of mine was in serious financial difficulties. He was a man on whom I set the highest value. He had a noble wife and two lovely daughters about the age of my own girl, and he was facing bankruptcy. So the Golden Rule began to get in its work again. "What can be done to help my friend," I asked myself. To aid me in answering my own question, I went to see my

bookkeeper—to find out how much ready money I could command. What the bookkeeper told me held me in absolute astonishment. I was simply astounded to find out how much money we had on hand. “What’s going on here?” I asked. “Are you selling goods by the yard?”

“No,” she answered, “but don’t you know we are doing almost three times the amount of business we were doing at this time last year?”

“No, I do not—never dreamed such a thing. How is it being done? Where are you getting the garments made?”

“I think they are making them in the shop,” my bookkeeper answered. “I’ve had no bills sent to me for outside work.”

“That shop was running to full capacity when we bought it,” I said. “Have you bought a lot of extra machines?”

No; she had seen no bills for machines either. “But we are doing the business just the same,” she returned, “and the money is coming here, and we are depositing it in the bank.”

After the help had gone, I went down into the factory and talked to the forelady.

"What's going on here?" I asked.

"Why—nothing," she answered, "except that we're making a lot of clothes."

"The bookkeeper tells me you are making three times as many clothes as when we took the shop over. Is that a fact?"

"It is. I don't know the figures," she went on, "but I do know we are actually producing merchandise at less cost than before you increased the wages of the help. Take, for instance, that old lady whose weekly salary you increased 300%. You should come in sometime and take a peep at her. Somehow, her poor, old, crippled fingers have got limbered up, a look of youth has come into her eyes, and she is doing twice the amount of work she ever did before.

"But the biggest thing of all in this shop," she continued, "is the case of the skilled help, who, at one time, were simply loafing on the job. They've got busy lately and are showing us all how to get work done. The garments are coming through in one constant stream."

I felt completely at sea. "Do you mind telling me just what has brought all this about?" I asked the forelady.

"I hardly think I can," she replied.

"Why?"

"Well, for one thing, the story would have to include some talk that possibly you wouldn't care to hear."

"Don't mind me. Please go right on and tell me. I have heard some rather peculiar talk at one time and another. Just relate what has happened."

"Well, it was something like this: After you left the shop on the day you announced your intention of raising wages, we all stood around for a few moments looking rather helplessly at each other. Presently the little Italian presser—you know him—blurted out: 'Well, I'll be damned!'

"We all looked at him, and after a minute's silence he went on: 'Whatever this Golden Rule thing is I don't know, but what Mr. Nash told us was that all he wanted us to do was to work just as we would want him to work if we were up in the office paying wages, and he was back here doing the work. Now I know, if I was the boss and would come in and talk to the workers as he did, and raise wages like he has, I'd want every one to work like hell!'

"There!" said the forelady. "That's about all there is to it. Our people just caught the drift of Tony's idea and went ahead in the spirit of it. That's why we've trebled our output. If I talked for a week, I couldn't tell you any more."

Nor can I. That is how it all began. In a very short time we found ourselves unable to handle the volume of business which began to pour in. I soon lost all interest in the purchase of that farm and begun to have a vision of the possibility of becoming a genuinely Christian man in the world of commerce and industry. I desire to be implicitly believed when I state, that were it not for this vision, this possibility, I could never have brought myself to remain in the business world. But the foregleams of coming day had shone in upon me, and I determined to utilize every means compatible with an adoption and operation of the Golden Rule to demonstrate the fact that, in the twentieth century of the Christian era, the principles laid down by Jesus of Nazareth in the first, could be made to work—work successfully and not merely as a sacrificial ideal—for the mutual well-being of mankind, and to the glory of God.

V

THE GREAT DISCOVERY

AT this point in my story, I want to turn aside from the main narrative, which relates to the development of The A. Nash Company under the principles of the Golden Rule, to deal with a poignant personal experience. I turn to it because nothing this book contains, exceeds it in importance so far as my own personal attitude towards life is concerned. It is the story of a great discovery—of the embracing of a great truth, which by God's grace I mean never to relinquish while life shall last.

During the first three years of the World War—the years, that is, before the United States lined up to take her share in it—I found myself in a bitter, ironical frame of mind. Whenever I could get hold of a minister willing to listen to me, I would begin to rail at him regarding the frightful carnage going on in Europe.

“Look at that scene across the ocean,” I

would say, "and tell me, if you think *that* is Christianity! Those nations who are at each other's throats are, with one or two exceptions, all, nominally, Christian nations. Cannot the religion they profess, and which you preach and teach, do anything to put an end to this tragedy—the most awful thing the world has ever known—while almost the entire heathen world plays the part of spectator? What's wrong with Christianity that renders it powerless in this awful hour of world-wide need?"

Needless to say, none of them ever gave me an answer that amounted to anything. The men I put my question to were worried, perplexed, and *simply didn't know* what reply to offer. And what is more—although I, in my arrogance, assumed the role of questioner, I had no answer myself. Yet, as the facts already set down in this narrative indicate, I *ought* to have known just as well as anybody else. For had I not been a student of the Bible, and of the writings of its antagonists, virtually all my days?

Yet there I was, pestering anxious men with insistent queries for which I, myself, had no solution—a pretty contemptible form of

diversion, as I see it now. But there was one minister in Cincinnati who appeared to be quite willing to face the situation, grave and bewildering as it was. Evening after evening, he would come and sit with me on my porch, and discuss the terrible war.

One day he surprised me by saying: "Mr. Nash, I have a boy about to be graduated from the university, and I have been asked to take some part in the exercises. Which means I shall be compelled to be away from my pulpit on a Sunday about two months hence. Will you take my place?"

"What on earth are you talking about?" I replied.

"I mean just exactly what I am saying," he rejoined. "I want you to occupy my pulpit, and I will select your subject for you. Go over and tell my people what, in your opinion, is the matter with religion—with Christianity."

"Well, if I do," I answered sarcastically, "you can depend on one thing—you'll have no congregation to meet you on your return."

"I'll risk that," my friend returned. "Will you consent to do it?"

Possibly, because I did not care to run out

of a challenge, more than for any other reason, I agreed to do what I had been asked.

Just as I began to prepare what in my pride of spirit I imagined would be a tremendous assault on the citadel of the Christian faith, I received word that my eldest boy, who had gone over to Europe with the Canadians, had been seriously wounded at Vimy Ridge, and was lying unconscious in a hospital in England. In addition, my youngest lad, caught up by the spirit of the time, had joined the United States Marines. The reading of that cablegram acted as a sort of solar plexus blow on my pride and self-sufficiency. I had accepted this challenge—well, to say the least of it—in no spirit of humility. And yet, here was I, heart-broken at the fate which had overtaken my boy, and thinking of hundreds of thousands of other gallant fellows who were pouring out their life-blood in France and Flanders. “This is no fitting time to get up in a church pulpit and shoot off a lot of nonsense,” I said to myself. “What *is* wrong with Christianity, anyhow? You had better find out for yourself, first, before you attempt to tell other people.”

So I started to find out. I went down to the library—any amount of articles were current at that time purporting to show that Christianity was an arrant failure—and began to read up. And my reading soon brought me to see one great, stark, outstanding fact: That what all the writers, who were so eagerly rushing into print were attacking and finding fault with was not Christianity at all, but the lack of it! “Christianity had not failed, simply because Christianity had not yet been tried.” Quite a number of smart phrase-makers sought to annex credit for the invention of that phrase during the World War, each of whom had stolen it. Yet there was a tremendous proportion and element of truth in it, just as there had been away back in the early years of the eighteenth century, when the scoffing atheists of those worthless, godless days, flung it in the teeth of the professed followers of Jesus. In the individual life of many a saint of God it *had* been tried, and never once, when earnestly and sincerely tried, been found to fail.

But of adoption in any national, or, so far as the Christian Church was concerned, universal sense, there had been none. *Which*

statement is as unchallengably true at the very hour in which I am penning these lines, as in the days when the epigram was regarded as being quite the proper thing to lisp and snicker, by the "wits" and the witless of the London coffee-houses and Paris *salons*, as they snapped their snuff-boxes, and strutted their way down to a well-deserved and unlifting oblivion. To be sure, the voice of the Prophet of Nazareth is heard, today, above the babble and clamour of men and markets, with more distinctness than in any previous era of the Christian centuries. Yet, substantially, the shameful indictment still stands, and to it the Church, together with the world, must enter a plea of "Guilty!"

But to get back to my own case: As a man reared an Adventist, I imagined I knew something about the Scriptures; so I went back to the old Book and began to acquaint myself afresh with the teachings of the Galilæan. Very soon I realized that I was reading in a fashion I had never read before. In other days I read to prove a theory, searching for proof-texts to bolster up a creed. This time I was striving earnestly to find out, from the only authentic records extant, what it

really *was* that Jesus sought to establish, what to teach, what, if anything, to condemn.

There were quite a few surprises in store for me. Among other things, I discovered my hitherto preconceived notion that Jesus uttered words of sharp censure and bold condemnation concerning the religion of His race, to be utterly unfounded. What He did condemn, what did call forth His scathing denunciation, was the atmosphere of formality which permeated the nation's worship of Jehovah, and the note of insincerity which made discord of what should have been a note of praise. Time and again, I saw how He was continually pointing out the claims of the law and the precepts of the prophets, and how appallingly those about Him were violating the one, and turning a deaf ear to the other. "I have not come to destroy your religion," He said in effect, "but to teach you how to fulfill its requirements, and to conform to its demands." That was the substance of Christ's message to the people of His own day.

And then, just as naturally as the action of sunlight, I began to ponder the question as to what was to become of all those brave

lads who were daily laying down their lives on the reddened battlefields of Europe? I turned to see what Jesus had to say about a question like that, and found that He had very little to say. I found that His chief concern was the establishment of the principles of the Kingdom of God on earth. Yet I came upon this one great solacing word—a word He gave to those who were striving to follow Him when Calvary was already flinging its crimson shadows about Him, when He Who had done no wrong was about to endure the poignant agonies of the Cross: “Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father’s house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.” That was Jesus’ message, and the more I read of His teaching, the longer I searched His sayings, the more surely I became convinced that it represented, practically, all the revelation He ever gave concerning the life that stretches away beyond the one that is bounded by earth and Time.

As these things became clearer to me, I began to see how little there really is that Jesus said which applies only to the "life which is to come." But I discovered how much He had to say about "the life that now is." To be sure, many of His sayings are capable of a two-fold application, but most of them relate to life as it should be lived right here. I saw, as I had never done before, that the Son of God came into this world, not merely that He might transport a few of us to another and more felicitous place, but that men might find salvation here and now. In its ultimate summation, the philosophy of Jesus found expression in His unceasing effort for the establishment of a social and spiritual order here in this world, which He called the Kingdom of God; that if men are ever to become part of it, and live in harmony with it, that *now* is the accepted time, and now the day of salvation; that men are to seek after God *now*, amid all the tumult and turmoil of everyday life.

And so I read on and on: "After this manner, therefore, pray ye . . . Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven." "Seek ye first the kingdom of God

and His righteousness, and all these things [temporal blessings of every sort] shall be added unto you." "The kingdom of God cometh not by observation: Neither shall they say, Lo, here! or lo, there, for behold the kingdom of God is within [among] you." And as a climax to His teaching in which He pictured the great kingdom, He enjoined men to pray for it, to work for its establishment in the earth, and "therefore—because it is what I stand for; because of the beatitudes I proclaim, because it is imperative for the welfare of mankind—*therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.*"

As I read that twelfth verse of the seventh chapter of Matthew, the light of its true meaning broke in upon my soul for the first time in my life. I laid down my Bible and said, "The only thing that is wrong with Christianity is that we are not giving it a trial. We are using it as something to talk about, Sunday after Sunday, as something to sing and to pray about, to listen to ministers preach about, and all the time neglecting to go forth and *live it* in our daily lives. If na-

tions, communities, individuals, were only living by the great principle which, glibly enough, has come to be called the Golden Rule, what a different world this earth would be! Then, indeed, would the glorious consummation be realized—Heaven would veritably come to earth, and the Father's will be done among men, even as it is done in Heaven."

Well, that is what I discovered during the hardest weeks of study I ever put in in my life. I went and occupied my friend's pulpit, as I had promised to do. But the address I made, bore no resemblance to the one it was in my mind and intention to deliver when I consented to do so. It was a very different kind of thing—of that everybody may rest assured. It contained but one plea—a plea for the establishment of the Kingdom of God in the hearts of men. With that accomplished, the work of their hands would take care of itself, resolving itself, simply and naturally, into an outward expression of the indwelling spirit of the blameless Christ, Whose work and mission was to uplift and save mankind.

VI

AN EARLY TRIBUTE

THE adoption and application of the principles of the Golden Rule in business, which adoption and application are shown in these pages to be not only altruistically and idealistically, but commercially sound and successful, have attracted the attention of people in every avenue of our national life. Not only has it earned the respect of commercial men and institutions but of the churches and church organizations.

In the year 1921—The A. Nash Company has made some tremendous strides since then—Rev. F. Ernest Johnson, Secretary of the Commission on the Church and Social Service, of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, wrote the following unsolicited article regarding our aims and activities. I very gratefully appreciate the worth of such testimony and signify my acknowledgment thereof by inserting it here. It must be remembered that it is a record of

beginnings; in the days of which Mr. Johnson writes we were in the elementary, experimental stage. We are *still* experimenting. But our most severe critic—whoever he may be—is bound to confess that, in the spirit of the Golden Rule, The A. Nash Company has done quite a little bit of forging ahead.

A concern which celebrates a period of nation-wide depression and a tumbling market by expanding its quarters, increasing output and raising wages commands the interest of everybody. And when it is learned that the owner of that business attributes this success to his acceptance of the Christian doctrine of the brotherhood of man the matter becomes all the more arresting.

I once heard a Christian employer say that while he was satisfied a man could be a Christian and succeed in business, he doubted if he could make as much money as if he discarded his religion. Of similar import was the statement of a Tammany official in New York City, who, when asked how he squared his organization activities with his Presbyterian affiliations, replied: "To be quite frank, I find

that being a Presbyterian in Tammany Hall is a serious handicap."

On the whole probably the Golden Rule does not produce the biggest profits in competitive business or professional life. The colossal fortunes in this country were not amassed by strict regard for the Sermon on the Mount. But when a man is not engaged in mere commerce, but in the business of production, where his success depends on the willing co-operation of a host of wage-earners, being a Christian has quite a different significance. At least the story of The A. Nash Company, clothing manufacturers of Cincinnati, so indicates.

Arthur Nash's prime interest in business is that of a man who is seeking first the Kingdom of God. It must be granted, therefore, that his establishment is not typical. He has not the ordinary concern of a manufacturer for profits. Yet the important thing about his enterprise is, that if he had set out to make the most money possible in manufacturing clothes, he could scarcely have hit upon a more profitable method than his Christianity led him to. Mr. Nash believes that there is a law of business and of industry which is just as

inexorable as the moral law—which, in fact, is the moral law. In other words, he regards the human factors in life and work as paramount and the economic factors subordinate thereto. In a competitive market he believes brotherly co-operation will win out *in competition with competition*. As over against the economic determinists, so numerous today, I would call Mr. Nash a moral determinist. To him the chief actual requirement of success is to keep the Golden Rule.

“There is really very little to this concern at all,” one of the department heads told me, “except the fact that the workers all know they are getting a square deal.”

The plant has thus far been small enough for direct democratic government—like that of the New England town meeting. [Mr. Johnson is writing of the year 1921.] When Mr. Nash wants the workers to decide a matter of concern to them he calls a meeting as a father would assemble a family. A bit paternalistic perhaps—the whole plant is in that stage. But there is nothing in his theory or his attitude toward the workers that should prevent introducing a representative plan as the plant grows. Mr. Nash declares publicly

that labour unions are indispensable as a guarantee of rights to the workers, but he thinks that ideally these rights should be assured in a different way. He has stated the matter thus:

"I am opposed to the open shop movement, although The A. Nash Company is not unionized. So long as the present avaricious organizations of capital continue I can conceive of no worse condition of abject servitude than for labour to be unorganized. At the last meeting of my help I offered a resolution, which was passed unanimously, that we would make no clothes for the firm fighting the union and that we would look with disfavour on the employee taking the place of a union striker. This shows the attitude of our company.

"An open shop, as the National Chamber of Commerce sees it, or a closed shop as the unions see it, is no part of the solution of industrial problems, and in their fight they trample under foot the principles that would solve their problems."

Three things stand out as of first importance in Mr. Nash's enterprise. First, the way in which he approached it and assumed

responsibility for it. His primary assumption was, not that the industry must pay, but that his conscience must be satisfied. He acquired a small factory in 1918 without realizing what the pay-roll figures really meant to the workers. He discovered presently that the average wage was seven dollars a week and that there were aged women in the factory who were getting four dollars a week. He decided at once to pay a living wage and to run on that basis as long as he could, and when he failed go out of business and buy a farm. In other words, the compulsion for him came not from the business but from his conscience. Mr. Nash knows as well as anybody that idealism will not compensate for financial failure in business, and that a policy which results in bankruptcy has no permanent social value. But his determination to be governed by a Christian motive saved him from the fate of many well-intentioned business men, who allow the rules of the game to dominate them and to complacently accept the verdict, "It can't be done."

The second arresting feature is the astonishing results in production which followed the change in policy. When he announced the

new wage-scale Mr. Nash told the employees that he proposed to follow the Golden Rule and asked of them only that they should govern themselves by the same standard. From that moment the entire establishment was on a new basis. Instead of failing, the concern began to succeed as never before. The employees were apparently actuated by motives entirely new. They were getting a square deal and the industry meant something to them personally for the first time. With it their new fortunes were bound up. They had something at stake; they had, like the owners, a vested interest in the concern. Then, too, they experienced a very human response to a human appeal. They began to enjoy the thrill of co-operation. Production increased one thousand per cent. in one year. During the first half of 1920, with the post-war depression falling heavily upon the industry, The A. Nash Company did more business than in all the previous year. Even in those terrific months—July to November, 1920—the Nash Company's production steadily increased. The consumer was safeguarded in respect to price and quality, as were the employees in respect to wages, and Mr. Nash's

customers kept on buying. He took larger quarters, turning to account an abandoned whiskey distillery and increasing his working force six hundred per cent. from among his employees' friends, without advertising for help. Just now he is expanding again. This time, it is the bottling works of a one-time famous brewery that is being transformed into a Golden Rule factory.

Of course there is no general agreement among Christian business men as to just what the Golden Rule means in terms of wages and profits. Should the return of capital be six, seven or eight per cent? What is the governing principle? How shall profits beyond this "fair return" be disposed of? Should they be divided equally between employer and workers, or should the consumer receive a part in reduced price? Perhaps any particular arrangement is arbitrary and possibly the Nash plan should be regarded as an exploration into the uncharted areas of industrial ethics. But the spirit and purpose of his undertaking are of deepest import and the results seem to be quite unprecedented.

Mr. Nash's social attitude has been tested by the steady increase in the earnings of the

business. When first he proposed the sharing of profits his employees replied, with not a little wisdom, that they would take theirs in wages. But the wage advance did not keep up with profits, and Mr. Nash was troubled by the money he was making "out of other men's labour." He approached the workers again and they agreed to take fifty per cent. of the profits after capital had been allowed seven per cent. Even this arrangement in a highly successful business may easily make a fortune for the owners. But Mr. Nash takes the stewardship idea very seriously. He puts his profits into expansion of the business and continues to live simply and to get his satisfaction in constantly increasing the range of his application of the Golden Rule. He believes that profits on the goods he manufactures should be limited, and his prices are calculated to yield but one dollar on a suit of clothes. Thus he feels that he is socializing the industry, by paying more than usual wages, making business partners of his workers, keeping down prices to the consumer, and applying the surplus to the most useful ends possible—the progressive extension of the industry.

The third outstanding feature of this enterprise has to do with the attitude and mutual relations of the workers, following the adoption of the **Golden Rule**. When profit-sharing was adopted, the plan proposed by Mr. Nash provided for distributing the profits on the basis of wages paid. He was astonished, therefore, to receive presently a petition signed by the employes receiving more than sixty dollars a week, asking that the division be on the basis of time worked rather than wages drawn.

The higher-paid workers, therefore, on their own motion thus relinquished their claim to a considerable sum of money in order that the lower-paid workers, whose need was greater, could be better provided for. Moreover, Mr. Nash thought that no one should be allowed to participate in the profit-sharing who had not been employed in the factory for six months. He pointed out that an employe had been known to remain only a few weeks, leaving soon after the bonus was paid. This he considered unfair to the others. But his employes considered the matter, and reversed Mr. Nash's judgment. They regarded it as being more

in keeping with the principle of the Golden Rule to assume the most genuine and above-board motives of every person employed in the factory.

When the salesmen in the field began to urge that the prices of suits of clothes should be advanced, Mr. Nash called his fellow-workers together to determine the part the Golden Rule was to play in the matter of price-fixing. It was agreed that the consumer should be a party to its operation, and the prices at which goods were to be sold fixed in view of this conclusion. Thus, at a time when suits of clothes were selling at anywhere from fifty to one hundred dollars a suit, The Nash Company was selling direct to the consumer at prices ranging from sixteen dollars and fifty cents to twenty-nine dollars. More recently, after a special wage adjustment to absorb existing profits had been made, it was found there was still a substantial surplus on every suit of clothes sold. The workers thereupon decided that half of this profit should be given to the consumer in the shape of increased value in goods—trimmings, and so forth.

When unemployment reached serious proportions last autumn, the Nash employes

placed before their president a most unusual request. They asked that the company, if it were possible, secure enough business to furnish employment to the jobless clothing workers of Cincinnati. They even volunteered to accept a wage cut if necessary, and, if that would not meet the case, to take a four weeks' vacation so that needy workers might be employed in their places.

There can only be one valid opinion about any system that liberates generous impulses in this fashion—that it represents an epochal achievement in industry and proves, moreover, the workableness of the Golden Rule.

It is more than two years ago since this article was written, and the data on which it is based were brought together some time previously. It is, therefore, a quite early account of what I, together with my co-workers, set out to do. As I intimated at the commencement of this chapter, we have made great advances since the year 1921. But our development is precisely along the lines described by Mr. Johnson. We have put our hands to the plough, and are not looking back, trusting to be found fit to have some glimpse of the Kingdom of God.

VII

ALIAS HATTIE CLARK

THE following story of her experience of a two weeks stay in the Nash Clothing Factory was written by Ruth White Colton, and appeared in *Success Magazine* for September, 1922. It appears here by permission of the publishers of that magazine. It is a genuine picture of conditions as Mrs. Colton found them and not a mere piece of impressionistic journalism. Its value *lies precisely in this fact*, and earns for it its place in this story of the Golden Rule in operation.

On board the "Cincinnati Special,"

May 17, 1922.

Twenty odd years of working and playing with and for men and women, boys and girls may not add either to one's international reputation, nor yet to one's bank account, yet it does give one certain convictions. The one which I hold "against all comers" is that you

can't standardize humans. But, balanced against the convictions are a few unanswered—if not unanswerable—questions, the chief of these—and it has haunted, tantalized, tormented me—is why, why, why, when we all need one another so vitally—men and women—high and low—rich and poor—capital and labour—why, I say, cannot we learn to pull in double harness? For and until we do learn the blessedly simple rule of “give and take,” divorce, strikes, war, must be our idiotically unnecessary lot.

For months I had watched, read and studied from afar the attempt of one man to put that simple rule into practical operation. This man is Arthur Nash, maker of men's clothing for the trade, who, beginning with a tiny shop, employing twenty-nine workers, has now the largest organization of its kind in the world. Three and one-half years ago Mr. Nash started this business with the conviction that until right human relationship was established between employer and employed, between producer and consumer, no progress could ever be made out of the morass of industrial and social conditions in which our own country, and indeed, the whole

human family has been struggling. This conviction was and is based upon the premise that God's law given to man through Jesus Christ, is alone the eternally sure foundation upon which to build. "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you. For this is the law and the prophets." This law is as potent today as it was when Jesus gave it to man and is as applicable to industrial problems as to any social or religious question; and to his determination to conduct this little tailoring shop upon the law, Mr. Nash alone ascribes the extraordinary growth of his organization. For during these three and one-half years—admittedly the most turbulent in the history of one of the most troublesome industries in the world—the one-time shop of twenty-nine workers is now employing over 2000 people and is occupying what used to be one of the largest breweries in the country, now converted into a clothing factory. All this without strikes or disturbances of any sort but with increasingly improved conditions for both employer and employed, and incidentally a growing confidence and satisfaction upon the part of the consumer.

And now at last here I am going as fast as

extra fare trains can carry me, to find out if possible, what the "Company" thinks and feels about it all; and the only way I know how to do this, is to be one of the Company. Ruth White Colton of more or less acquirements, is going to bed in Lower 5, Car 63, bound for Cincinnati, but it will be Hattie Clark—unknown, jobless, with twenty dollars in her pocket, who will beg a job at the Golden Rule Factory tomorrow morning. What answer will she find?

That answer, whatever it is, she means to set down fairly and honestly as fast as it comes to her—the truth and the whole truth.

1419 Elm Street, May 18.

Look long and humbly upon the above address for it represents my first and perhaps greatest triumph—a *home*! And don't imagine that it was easily achieved—Y. W. C. A. "all full"—miles upon miles of imposing rooming houses, flaunting inviting signs, only to dampen one's enthusiasm with "all taken" when one makes inquiry. And then, at last this—a big front room in what must once have been a mansion but whose "parlor" at present has been converted into a barber shop! The

proprietor, a young Southern boy, and his little wife who calls me "Honey"—are host and hostess of the abode. I may, if I choose, do light housekeeping. I have bought me a red and white tablecloth and go now to the ten cent store for a coffee pot, cup and saucer. What more could heart desire? And all of this time I haven't told you that I have a **JOB!**

A nice-looking boy, sweeping the sidewalk, directed me to the forelady of the vest department where he felt sure I could get a job and if I hadn't gotten one it would have been worth the price of the trip to have had the half hour's talk on girls, work and life with that little lady. Her questions were so human, so kindly and so keen—and her desire to help me was so sincere, it was inspiring.

"Had I ever sewed?"

"Yes, at home."

"Did I understand power machines?"

"No, but I knew I could learn."

"Oh, of course, but I just wondered how fast you could go ahead; \$10.00 isn't much unless you can look at it as pay while you learn."

I said I was glad I could have any kind of

a start. She asked had I ever done any floor work. Lord! but that was a facer, and thinking of the many times I have washed floors, I almost said "Yes." However, I guessed right and said "No."

"Well, I do need help with the girls themselves. I look after their work, their health and their happiness, or try to, and they are getting so many it's almost beyond me."

I gasped at the "health and happiness" and said: "Well, I have done a lot of practical nursing and girls' club work. Would that help?"

"*Great.* I think we need you as much as you need us and if you can start tomorrow on \$10.00 as a learner, I'll take the other up with Mr. Nash when he returns." Would I give her my name and address? One gasp and "Mrs. Hattie Clark," said I; "1419 Elm Street" and with the nicest grasp of my hand I found myself dismissed.

Now, for an alarm clock and I'll feel really settled. My work day, Mrs. Rusland tells me, begins at 7:30, with three-quarters of an hour for lunch, and ends at 4:15. No work on Saturday, so at least one of my doubts

—the reality of the forty hour week—is answered.

May 19.

Twenty-four hours ago I thought I had a home. To-night, thanks to God and the real-est proof of the effects of living and working by the Golden Rule, I *know* I have one. An aching back, the echoes of whirring machines and the still tense nerves from my first day “in the vests,” must not keep me from putting into words the experiences of the last twenty-four hours.

The little home which I had found so joyously, despite the cleanest and fairest of surfaces, proved to be infested with vermin and half an hour after I had gone to bed—home-sick and exhausted—I was out of bed dressing at top speed and flying in the most abject terror I have ever known to the sheltering arms of the Y. W. C. A. Heaven alone knows what would have happened had they not had a room to give me, for I did not know a soul in this blessed city unless I were to make myself known to Mr. Nash and this I am determined not to do unless driven to it. Even a scalding hot bath and the exquisite

cleanliness of my little room could not quiet my shaken nerves and it was almost morning before I fell asleep and it seemed but a flash when I was again awakened by my newly acquired alarm clock!

Another bath (when and where would I ever have another?), breakfast up near the factory and then my day really began. And what a day it has been! Word quickly flew through the shop of my hectic first night in Cincinnati and my homeless and friendless condition, and at lunch time literally dozens of the girls were offering me a room, money, anything I might need, but it was Rose with her two rooms and little thirteen-year-old daughter who completely won my heart when she said, "Now, Hattie, you come right home with me. We ain't got much but I took a likin' to you when I see you yesterday an' I sez to Mary here—'that woman kin hev half of whatever I've got.'"

Do you imagine I could go anywhere else? And now we have had supper and have chatted a while and I know that the hardest part of this job is going to be leaving these dear folks who have accepted me so unquestioningly into their lives.

The mere "job" isn't going to be very difficult to master, at least sufficiently well for my purpose, and the quickness with which I was able to "catch on" was entirely due to the patience of our forelady and the good-natured help of the girls around me.

Before I tumble into bed beside Rose, who is already peacefully sleeping in the next room, I must admit that I did not walk off with all the honours at the "A. Nash Company" to-day. During the afternoon a ripple of interest seemed to sweep over the shop and I said to the girl opposite: "What's up?"

"The Boss," said she—and sure enough there was Mr. Nash and with him a young woman whom he appeared to be showing over the works. About half an hour later the machines suddenly stopped and Mrs. Rusland told us that we were all wanted down in the coat-room. So down we all piled and there, sitting on the edge of the tables, standing and lounging about, were gathered the whole Company and on a table in our midst stood the Company song leader, and "jinks," didn't we have a whooping good sing! I said to one of the men standing near me:

"I'm new to this—do we get this often?"

"Gee, yes, — coupla times a month — anyways."

I would like to have asked him some more questions, but the Boss was now on the table and was telling us about the outing to Chester Park on the third; the latest plans for the trip to Cedar Point, of which more later; a plea for rooters for the ball game to-morrow; and in all this there was a rapid fire of questions and answers going on between A. Nash & "Company." If there is any feeling of a barrier between the men and girls and Arthur Nash it is certainly not apparent upon the surface, nor did our young visitor, "Miss Jean Hoskins of New York," seem to have found any, for when Mr. Nash helped her up to the table beside him she said: "I only want to say I hope you'll have a wonderful time at Cedar Point and I believe you will—that's all I want to say."

And now for bed and two whole days of freedom, for Saturday is Home Day to the workers in the Golden Rule Family.

May 21.

Sunday afternoon—my first two-day loaf is almost over and I am all alone. Rose and

her little daughter are away for the afternoon and I have a quiet hour or two ahead. Yesterday, while Rose washed and little Mary "cleaned up," I explored the city, and may I say right here 67 $\frac{1}{10}$ % of the cops, newsies and car conductors know and love Arthur Nash! How do I know? Because I'm sure that many have told me so! Every one of these I've seen in my wanderings I've asked to direct me to the factory saying I was a stranger and had just got a job, and every single one of them has said, "Say, ma'm, you're in luck" or, "That's the grandest place to work in this city," or "Did you see the Boss, he's a white man." "That's the feller we call Golden Rule Nash—he's a reg'ler feller." I wish I had had a mental stenographic department to take them all down. And Rose,—Rose who has worked in rooming houses, sporty hotels, factories and stores, and who for the past three years has worked up from the beginning with the A. Nash Company, what does she say?

It is, I think, the best demonstration of what Arthur Nash has given to his folks that any one could possibly make:

"It don't make no difference to that man

whether you was black or white, Jew or Catholic or one of them Adventists, he'd treat you just like you was his own sister, and to tell the truth we ain't got the nerve not ter try to do the same."

May 24.

The week, thus far, has been rather uneventful "in the vests"—work is getting slack and the girls say it's hard to keep up their speed. Nevertheless, it is remarkable how little loafing on the job there is, even now. I said so to our nice "floorlady" and she said, "Well you know, Mis' Clark, we don't never have much trouble that ways; we ladies feel like this business is most as much ours as it is Mr. Nash's and we try to do what's best for all."

It is more than ever apparent that the Golden Rule works both ways.

May 25.

Four of our lining girls were away to-day, so one of the young trimmers was transferred to the machine next to mine. She is a gay little thing and so pretty. I asked her if she liked her job and she said "Sure thing"—I

said "I thought we had it very nice in the 'Shop' " and she said—"Yes, there is a nice class of girls works here and Mrs. Rusland is grand to us."

It is very hot in the shop, but we work amidst the bangs and rattles of workmen who are putting up roof awnings and installing cool air fans.

May 26.

This has been a thrilling day at the A. Nash factory and Hattie Clark has had her own personal share in the thrills. In the first place it was pay day and I had never received any money in my life with more satisfaction than I felt when Mrs. Rusland handed me my check for \$6.00—three days' pay! Then at a quarter to four o'clock, just as we were all "speeding up" for our last half hour, the machines stopped and amid the unexpected silence Mrs. Rusland told us that Mr. Nash had some announcements to make and we were all to go down to the coat shop. There we all gathered—600 or more men and women—and sang together while we waited for Mr. Nash. When he came he made several announcements about the ball games;

our coming outing and the Cedar Point trip, and then announced that his oldest son was to be married to the secretary of the company at noon to-morrow, in the cutting room, and that we were one and all invited to be there! This thing in itself is so characteristic of the spirit of friendliness that prevails, it makes one wonder how other industries have missed so simple and yet so vital a method of securing loyalty. And now for the most astonishing, the most dramatic appeal I have ever listened to.

It appears that about six months ago, the cashier of the A. Nash Company was held up and robbed of the weekly pay roll. The bandit, or one of them, has just been found guilty and is to be sentenced and some of the workers had come to Mr. Nash and had told him that they had heard that this man has a wife and four little children who would be the real sufferers, and they wanted—these workers who are also part owners of the company whose pay roll this man stole—they asked Mr. Nash to think up some way that those four children could be helped. And Mr. Nash, in turn, reported this request to all of us and asked what action we wished to take.

There were suggestions of various kinds and hands went into pockets as men and women urged Mr. Nash to assume, in their name, the care of these future citizens. Finally, one big motherly looking woman climbed up on the table and said she thought the company could put the mother on the pay roll at \$20.00 a week, provided the mother would take care of the children and make a home for them. This she put in the form of a motion. And then to my overwhelming surprise—one of the women from the vest shop spoke up and said:

“Mr. Nash, if we are to give this money, and I hope we do, I think there should be some one to kind of look after that little family and see to it that the money is given them each week and that it’s spent right for those children, and I’d like to suggest a lady who has come into the vest shop just a little while ago who has done nursing and has three little girls of her own and who has in this short time endeared herself to all of us. I’d like to say that I think Mrs. Hattie Clark would be just the one to help that woman get on her feet.”

Well, I could have cried I felt so happy

and so astonished and those six hundred men and women who seven short days ago had never laid eyes on me, actually voted to do this amazing thing and to entrust their good will and their money into my keeping!

During noon hour to-day, as I stood with some of the girls watching the men play ball, they pointed out to me Mr. Cammelo, the foreman of the coat shop—and I said:

“Oh, he’s the one the Amalgamated knock so hard. What’s the matter with him—he looks all right.”

“He is all right,” said one woman, “and I guess I oughta know. I’ve worked with him ever since he was here, and he thinks the world and all of his girls. We gets our rights as long as Cammelo’s the boss.”

This meeting and the decision to make me chairman of the committee to look after these children certainly came as an answer to my prayers, for I have been racking my brains to find a way out of the vest shop and into the coat shop and to Mr. Nash himself, and this committee’s work has opened the way to both, for by the best of luck, the other two names suggested to aid me were those of a splendid little woman from the coat

shop and Dr. Moor, who is very close to Mr. Nash.

After the meeting had disbanded Mr. Nash asked the committee to meet with him in his office and there repeated to us what he had already said upstairs, that it was the children and the children alone with whom we were concerned, but that it was his belief that in being given a chance to make a good home for those little ones, the mother herself could not help but be given an incentive to be her best and truest self.

How far-reaching the influence of these men and women of The A. Nash Company is is almost beyond estimation. They have to lead them that rarest of things, a practical idealist, and that together he and they are actually living, "Thy Kingdom come, on Earth as it is in Heaven," is the most blazingly apparent fact to any one who has the privilege of living and working with them.

May 27, 1922.

I've just come home from the wedding of young Nash and the splendid girl who has worked her way up from the position of clerk to the secretaryship of this great company,

and I wonder if any young people ever before had the loving, good wishes of so large and varied a family? For nearly a thousand girls and boys, men and women—who have worked and played with these two—gathered in the big cutting room of the factory to see them made man and wife and to wish them God speed in their great adventure. So simple—so beautiful was the service—I know there was not one of us who witnessed it who did not share and benefit by the love and good will that abounded.

May 29.

My story is written and Hattie Clark, vest-maker, is no more. Friday and Saturday of last week were so crowded with vital happenings within The A. Nash Company family and my own position as “one of us” is so secure that I felt this morning it would be wasting time for me to sit at a power machine any longer, and so when Mrs. Rusland came into the shop and we had a quiet moment alone before the whistle blew, I asked her if she could call a meeting of the workers this afternoon because I had a “confession” to make to them. Her amazement was most apparent,

but she unhesitatingly said, "Certainly, Hattie, but what is the trouble?"

"Well, dear Mrs. Rusland, won't you hear my confession first?"

It has never before occurred to me that I am much of an actress but the complete and surprised bewilderment of my dear little forelady makes me feel that if all else fails there is still another profession open to me. Of course, she had a thousand questions to ask of me and I believe that she was equally divided in her emotions between gratitude that at last some one was really going to give the truth concerning The A. Nash Company to the public and utter astonishment that such a greenhorn vest-maker should have put one over her in her own shop.

We decided, she and I, that we would also take Dr. Moor and the much maligned Cammelo of the coat shop into our confidence and that these three would call the meeting. I wish that I had power to describe the effect upon these two men when I told them who I was and why I was here. No one can know, I suppose, how long a way a man of Cammelo's type must have traveled to be able for the sake of an ideal to remain silent under

such groundless criticism as has been leveled against him. I do believe that it is not enough that these good people here should know that they are right. I believe that earnest men and women all over this land should have their faith fortified.

And so the meeting was called and it was Hattie Clark's turn to climb on the coat shop table. Dr. Moor opened the meeting by saying that a spy had been found among us, that she had confessed but had asked to be given a chance to tell her story at a workers' meeting before sentence was passed upon her and so because we believe in giving even a spy a square deal, we let Mrs. Hattie Clark tell us how and why she has been working with us under a name not her own and then we will try to decide what is best to do about it. I told them my story just as I have tried to tell it here in the hope that they might see as they have perhaps never before seen what a wonderful thing, how far-reaching in its effects upon millions of workers like themselves, their steadfastness to their ideal might be. I had not gone far before I began to be interrupted by relieved bursts of laughter, clapping of hands, and "You ain't no spy, Hattie, you are

all right, Hattie." One man called from the floor "I move the verdict be—'Not guilty.' "

May 31.

A verdict of "not guilty" and my freedom! Freedom to wander, footrule and notebook in hand, in true professional investigator style, from one end of our factory to the other. Freedom to question even the foremen and so-called officials whom I have till now religiously avoided lest I be later accused of having gotten my "story" from them.

It has been a wonderful forty-eight hours and the notebook is filled with unassailable proof of the splendid physical conditions existing in the factory—with plans of still further improvements in process of fulfillment—with stories of men and women who had started at the bottom of the ladder and who are now stockholders in the organization. Of these things I shall try to tell you in my next article, but to-night my happiest thought is this: In all my hours here there has not been a single word or suggestion of complaint or ill-will from any of the workers!

VIII

AN INSIDE VIEW

I FEEL tolerably certain that all who read it, will agree that Mrs. Colton's story, told in the previous chapter, was one of great interest. It cannot, however, put over its "punch," without having added to it the following experiences of the Nash factory, Mrs. Colton had, after she lost her "job":

I spent two interesting weeks revelling in the friendliness and camaraderie of this happy working family. Finally, my purpose accomplished, I disclosed my identity as a magazine writer, "lost my job" and gained the privilege of wandering, notebook in hand, through the factory, of asking questions and of formulating my own conclusions.

The contents of the notebook are certainly worthy of study, for they represent the concrete effects of a spiritual revelation and an industrial revolution—for that is really what

has come to pass in this small segment of the clothing industry.

As to conclusions, I am not quite so sure, for there is no hint of anything as limited as a conclusion in the "Golden Rule Factory." The most hopeful feature of this remarkable experiment is its constant process of development, of growth and expansion, both spiritual and material. Every change in economic policy or in social betterment has come at the suggestion of some worker in the factory or as the result of thorough discussion between employer and employe.

Too much cannot possibly be said as to the value of the informal meetings which are called from time to time in the "Golden Rule Factory." Sometimes these meetings are called by Mr. Nash, sometimes by one of the foremen, but most often by one of the "lesser members of the family." But from whom-ever the call may chance to come, there is but one spirit always evident and that is the spirit of perfect co-operation and understanding. Arthur Nash is loved and trusted by every man and woman in that factory; he is their "Big Brother," their counselor, their friend. And, in return, his love, his faith in these men

and women is unquestionable. So simple, so sincere is this spirit of brotherhood, that no problem, however vexing it might be if one were to endeavour to view it from any other angle, has ever arisen that has not been happily and wisely settled.

Chief Justice Marshall of the Ohio Supreme Court said, when speaking before the annual convention of the International Association of Specialty Salesmen: "The A. Nash Company is not solving the tragic problem of capital and labour, it is doing away with it altogether; and I cannot help believing that if this simple application of the Golden Rule could be introduced into our country's business, how it would lessen the people's burden of taxation; how the cumbersome and extravagant law-making machinery could be lessened, and how the appalling federal appropriation of ninety-two cents out of every dollar, now necessary to pay for wars that are past and preparing for more wars to come, could be directed into constructive and peaceful channels."

Already the question has been asked me, and many times: "How does he do it? How has he actually bridged that heretofore un-

bridgeable chasm that has existed between worker and boss?" And my answer is that he has not had to bridge that chasm because it has never existed. The earliest arrival at the factory each morning finds Arthur Nash already there, and somehow this one thing alone does more to convince his people of his sincerity than any material advantage he has made possible for them. Hard-working men and women, these, there was both pride and comradeship in their voices when they said to me, "There ain't any of us works any harder than he does."

What are the material results of such a policy of co-operation? First, of course and most spectacular, is the change in the short period of three and one-half years from a small sweatshop, with eight old-fashioned machines and twenty-nine employes working under the most difficult conditions, to the present immense factory where over two thousand workers are employed and where the daily output is approximately one thousand garments—or in other words, two completed suits for every working minute.

This present home of The A. Nash Company was formerly the bottling department of

one of the largest breweries in the country, and the move from the old shop into this new home was made just as the rush season was opening and the good-natured patience shown by the workers during the unavoidable confusion and delays was but another evidence of the solid basis of their willingness to co-operate in the growth of their company. However, by the time that the late Hattie Clark entered the company's employ there were no longer signs of this confusion, although the building was teeming with workmen erecting awnings over the enormous skylights, installing a system of cool air fans and turning one large room into a cafeteria for the use of the workers.

It is difficult to write of the physical aspects of the factory without using superlatives, for the dimensions of these great sunny rooms are astonishing. The vest and pant shop in which Hattie Clark spent her working days has, for instance, a floor space of 73 x 105 feet and is 32 feet high. Over it is a skylight 35 x 74 feet. Besides this skylight the room boasts 35 single windows. In a room of this size over 200 men and women find plenty of fresh air and sunlight. The

cutting room is even larger and the coat room is the biggest and lightest of all.

The plant is heated by a wonderful new vapour heating system which experts have informed me is the most hygienically ideal method known. If the processes involved in the transformation of a brewery into a clothing factory seemed slow to some of us, let us not lose sight of one very important and characteristic fact. The workers in The A. Nash Company are many of them part of that company by virtue of owning stock in it, and all of them are included in the policy defining meetings that determine how fast or how conservatively the changes are made. Such, then, is the home of the "Golden Rule Factory." Not an ideal finished product, its most interested and contented employe will admit; but assuredly one with an ideal of material comfort and well-being, as well as a spiritual vision, towards the accomplishment of which every man and woman there is working.

Exactly as the factory itself has been and is a gradual development made possible by the combined wisdom of employer and employed, so the present wage scale has come

into being through a succession of experiments, all satisfactory at the time and under the conditions existing when made, but all tending towards the present conviction upon the part of the workers themselves that being convinced they are getting their just share of the company's profits, they would rather have that share in the form of a weekly wage than in any kind of profit sharing distribution.

In each department, therefore, of this organization except in the cutting room, which is run on the piecework basis, there is first of all a school for those entirely without experience where the learner is paid while being taught and from which he or she is advanced as rapidly as is possible. Indeed, from the many inquiries I made from workers in all departments I could not learn of a single instance where a worker had to ask for advancement. Every incentive is given to the workers to become proficient and the result of their increased productive power is immediately apparent on their pay check.

The wage scale, which was disclosed to me with complete frankness, is all interesting but I will confine myself to typical instances. It must be borne in mind that the

averages given are computed on a fifty-two weeks basis.

In the pants shop the school average is \$17 a week and that of a regular worker \$28. In the coat shop the school average ranges from \$10 to \$16 weekly, while the regular workers are on a sliding scale, according to the special trades, from \$14 to \$18 for padding up to a range of \$30 to \$55 for sleeve hangers. The other branches of the coat-making trade lie between these extremes.

One of the most positive convictions of Arthur Nash is that no man or woman can or should be expected to keep up his normal production for more than forty hours each week in any highly specialized industry, and having already reduced the weekly working hours in his factory to five days of eight hours each, he is at present studying how to reduce still further the hours of the women workers who have the additional burdens of the home to carry. There is no time-and-a-half pay for overtime work in this company for Mr. Nash is absolutely and definitely opposed to any overtime work at all. He is bending every energy towards achieving a system whereby the necessity for overtime work,

even during the short rush season, may be eliminated.

Another unique feature, which at once impresses the most casual visitor, is that there is not a single time clock in The A. Nash Company's factory, nor is there any system of fines for lateness. When I asked one of the girls working near me whether this did not make the girls feel they could come in whenever they chose, she answered that at one time it had seemed to, and her story of how this problem was solved was most characteristic of this remarkable group of people.

An epidemic of lateness began during one holiday season, and became a fairly serious matter. Then came the New Year, and with it the wonderful news that Mr. Nash proposed to reduce the weekly working hours to forty, or five days of eight hours each, in order that Sunday might be to all of them a real day of rest. Here was the opportunity for which the wise little forelady of the vest shop had been waiting, and, calling all of her girls together, she told them the good news, and then pointed out how serious a thing lack of punctuality had become. She explained to

them that if four or five girls were late each morning, there was no justice in expecting the rest of the shop to be on time. She then showed them what an enormous shortage it would make in the day's production were all the girls late even for five minutes. "Now," she said, "we have had this wonderful New Year's gift, a whole extra day each week for our own work or play, cannot *we* make a New Year's Resolution in return that we will all of us give to our work here a full day's measure?"

There was no more deliberate tardiness.

No matter from what angle one starts in writing or talking about the A. Nash Company one must inevitably return to the human element, for however extraordinary the development in the plant or production the most significant demonstration of the simple application of the Golden Rule to daily living lies in its effect upon the workers themselves. In the coat shop sits a little group of old ladies who are kept happily and busily employed pulling bastings, and each one of whom is paid at least \$14 a week. No one is too old or too slow to be given work in this group and not one of those whom I saw would have been

given even similar work at any price in an ordinary factory.

From my own experience I know that the spirit of lend-a-hand permeates every nook and corner of this place, and I am definitely convinced that certainly 90% of the entire personnel of the "Golden Rule Factory" work and live with an understanding of and a sincere desire to live by that rule. The remaining 10% work there because experience has taught them that they are in the long run paid better and work under happier, steadier, more hopeful conditions than they could possibly find elsewhere in the same industry.

The following letter received by Mr. Nash was written by a young Italian with whom I have had several splendid talks and it crystallizes far better than the words of any investigator can ever hope to do the lessons that I also learned in the "Golden Rule Factory":

"Cincinnati, Ohio,

"June 3, 1922.

"My dear Mr. Nash:

"Undoubtedly this letter is unexpected to you, but I beg you to allow me to express my

feelings, which I think every employee ought to do when satisfied.

"I began to work for your concern about three months ago at a beginner's pay, as a trimmer in the pants shop.

"I had been out of work for several months and was very glad to accept a position for the sake of learning a trade.

"I must say that I have not wasted my time in the short period that I have been employed as a trimmer. I have learned to be one.

"Mr. Fucito tells me that I am producing as much as any average experienced trimmer. Undoubtedly much credit ought to be given to Mr. Fucito for this, for he has patiently taught me. But much more credit ought to be given to you, Mr. Nash, for you have taught me that not all bosses are cold-hearted towards their employees.

"I was very glad to hear you call the factory 'Our Church' for those few words gave me an inspiration of Christ for I know He can be found anywhere and everywhere, and I am glad that we have someone, even though we are at work, who can tell us just how to seek the 'Kingdom of God' and try to follow

in the footsteps of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

“Your heart to heart talks have done me some good and I thank you very much, and from now on when I am working, I will work with the spirit not only as an employee but as though I were a partner in the concern.

“Hoping you will understand the spirit in which I am writing this letter, I remain,

“Respectfully,

“Your Employee.”

It was with tears in his eyes that Arthur Nash gave me the foregoing letter to read. Whatever the material results of his faith may have brought to him, no one who has studied this man can fail to realize that to him, personally, they have no particular value or significance save as an outward and visible sign of the faith that has been and is the dominating, controlling force of this trail blazer in true Industrial Democracy.

“Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.”

IX

JESUS AS A BUSINESS MAN

WHILE engaged in collating the material for this book, I came across an article, or a portion of one, which has lain in my portfolio of miscellaneous clippings for more than ten years. It deals with Jesus as a business man. I have not the slightest clue as to the identity of its author, nor the remotest idea as to the name of the periodical in which it originally appeared. But, because it reflects quite closely my own conception of what the great Teacher must have been, prior to His entering on the work of His public ministry, I feel constrained to reproduce it here. While the terminology differs from the original here and there, the gist of the article is as follows:

We delight to think of Jesus as being divine. We accept such descriptions of Him as are to be found in Matthew 28:19; John 1:1, and 8:58; Philippians 2:6, and Hebrews

1:1. We do not hesitate to use the term *Deity* when referring to Him. Yet none the less truly, we may think and speak of Him as apprentice, kinsman, friend, citizen of a community, business man.

His place of business was in one of the narrow streets of Nazareth. Here He had a workshop. Over the door might well have been the inscription: "Carpentering of all kinds done here—Jesus, Son of Joseph." Here He dealt with a day's work and exchanged His capacities for monetary returns. He made contracts with those about Him, either as employer or employed—or both. As a man of sound and clear judgment, He would keep account books, having both a debit and credit side. He would know how much men owed Him for His services, and what He Himself owed for material and hired help.

In a place like Nazareth, Jesus' skill as a workman, His honesty, faithfulness, and accommodating spirit, His invariable custom of doing things well, doubtless won for Him the favour and good-will of the entire community. He would be a man of enlarging powers, of growing skill, and, naturally, of in-

creasing patronage. If He made yokes for oxen (as tradition says He did), He would select the best kind of wood, would adjust His work to the demand of the times, would endeavour to sell His manufactured product to the mutual benefit of His customer and Himself. He would discuss matters relating to the business in hand with the farmers and peasant-folk of the neighbourhood. He would desire, and ask, a fair price for the yield of His toil. If men did not pay Him with reasonable promptitude, we may think of Him as asking civilly, yet firmly, for whatever was due Him. People would think and speak of Him as a fair business man, as one not taking advantage over the unwary or the ignorant. In all His relations with His fellows, He would be Jesus the Just.

As a business man, we may be sure that Jesus never made promises without fulfilling them. If men worked for Him, they would not be merely "hands" but men, to whom He owed a duty which He stood ready to discharge. He would give fair wages, making the Golden Rule, which He was afterwards to proclaim, the ruling principle of His daily life. If He entered into a contract, which

unforeseen circumstances rendered a pecuniary loss, He would stand by His bargain. While His labour and skill would be for sale in all honest ways, He Himself would not be in the market. He would not make any superior technical knowledge, which may have been His, the instrument for reaping unfair or extortionate profit. He would always be prompt in the settlement of His liabilities. He would not be regarded by the people of Nazareth at that time as sinless, or as being the Messiah. But of Him it would unquestionably be said: "He is a skilful carpenter, doing good work, prompt in His undertakings, deserving of patronage, a good man and a just, in all His ways." He would be regarded as of the ideal business men of the Galilaean town.

If Jesus were an employer of labour—there is no evidence to support a contradiction of the supposition—He could not have been other than transparently honest. There would be no large margin of profits with Him, while His workmen remained shamefully underpaid. We cannot imagine His using His superior skill or capacity to crush or cripple a legitimate rival. When meas-

ured by a modern, million-dollar balance sheet of a present day corporation, what He did in Nazareth may not be entitled to the description of "Big Business," but it was *business*—business such as is carried on, down to this present hour.

The spirit He would show in conducting His affairs would be that of an honourable and a devout business man, doing His work in an honourable and a devout way. The old Cornishman who put out the sign, "Shoemaker by the Grace of God," had the self-same conception of business as would have been the possession of the Man of Nazareth. Jesus could never have said: "Business is business, and religion is religion." His business would be part of His religion, and His religion part of His business. He could never have played the part of a pseudo-mystic, holding to the view that estimates and contracts, money and credit, bills and receipts, were entirely beneath His notice and out of harmony with the higher life. He could never have looked upon His six days of labour as being secular, and His Sabbath rest only as sacred. If He were simply an employe—I prefer to think of Him as an employer—depend upon

it, He gave honest toil for His wages, and if He found He could not work for the money offered Him, He would not have flung ugly names and uglier stones at the man who took His place. Nor would He have undercut or undersold His fellow-craftsmen. He would know what His work was worth, and in all His industrial and commercial dealings would proceed to play the man.

None of these things can be set aside as being mere hypothetical assumption. No sane man imagines Jesus during "the hidden years of Nazareth" as conforming to any rule of life and conduct other than that He proclaimed in His great evangel. What He was, He taught; what He taught, He was. He was truth, and honesty, and fair dealing incarnate. And the spirit in which He carried on business should be the governing principle of all business, of every kind whatsoever, in this, the twentieth century of His dispensation. Were it so, there would be no deceit, no misrepresentation, no utilization of unfair advantage, no chicanery, no fraud. There would be universal justice controlling every ramification of industry and commerce. All business would be of such a character that its

ledgers could be opened in the presence of a Holy God, and His blessing invoked upon them. The greatest organization now operating would be nothing more, and nothing less, than an enlargement of Jesus' method of carrying on business, under the impetus of His law of equity and love. Not only would the emotions of mankind be brought under His sway, but the whole sweep and range of outward life. Business cannot own Jesus; it must be owned by Him.

So runs the article in my book of clippings. In my judgment, it is a fair, and thoroughly justifiable picture of Jesus during His working years in the little Galilæan city in which He lived until He fared forth on the work of His public ministry. There can be little doubt that as a man of orderly life and habit Jesus had some kind of regular hours of labour, and, perhaps some kind of fixed wage-scale, obtained in Nazareth. But it is not possible to conceive of these things being paramount in His mind. If such a thing were true, He would always have remained in His shop, and would not have been a very good carpenter at that. While He was in-

terested in doing His work, He was undoubtedly more interested in the human beings about Him and in their development. And that was what added to His equipment for the ministry of His later years. As He went about His job of contracting for buildings, or whatever His task may have been, He recognized that the great thing to be done in this world was the construction, the building, of the soul of humanity.

A few months ago two great men stood on the bridge across the Niagara River just below the Falls. One of them, who was a great engineer, pointed to the Falls and said: "There's the greatest undeveloped power in the world today." The other, who was a man of deep, religious convictions, looked at the speaker and said: "You're mistaken. The greatest undeveloped power in the universe today is the soul of humanity."

That man was right. The great unsolved problems of capital and labour, such as wages, hours, working conditions, are merely problems of right human relationships. All problems between nations are nothing but problems of right human relationships. Dur-

ing the periods of the simpler civilizations, with the less complex relationships of the human family, mankind never solved this problem of how to live together as brethren. And unsolved it has, so far, remained. We are now rushing headlong into more and more complex associations, and the great cosmic prayer for the solution of our human problems is more urgent than ever before in the world's history. Humanity is all a-quiver. We know that we are on the borderland of an unexplored continent of man's psychological possibilities. We know that we are going over to possess the land.

What does this mean? There can be but one answer. If, as some scientists tell us, we are using less than ten per cent. of our latent mental powers, it means that we shall increase our powers either for good or evil ten-fold. If these latent powers are to be developed without the sanctifying influence of the philosophy of Jesus—which only comes through a realizing knowledge of the universal Fatherhood of God and the universal brotherhood of man—then man with his ten-fold powers concentrated on selfish ambition will become an evil in the world which will make the great

Red Dragon of the Book of Revelation look like a turtle dove.

Humanity has been building without an architect—sailing an uncharted sea, bound for no known port. Humanity is not deficient in the power of production or accomplishment; but like the builders of the Tower of Babel, we are all talking different languages, so that when mortar is needed we bring brick, because we do not understand. The knowledge we must now seek is not how to accomplish, but *what* to accomplish. The thing we really need is the establishment of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. This Kingdom of Heaven can come only through the development of the soul of humanity, and it *will* come, whenever our industries and churches become one in purpose and performance.

If we think of Jesus as a carpenter-contractor, we cannot conceive of Him asking one of His employes to do a job which would involve his being destroyed in the doing of it. In fact, we can only think of Him as going out and distributing the work so that every employe would be developed as he did his job. And the time has come, as the mind of the

Man of Galilee is being revealed afresh to the world, that industry must stop using men and women to make money and go to using money to make men and women. There are no problems back of this. If the heads of our industry can see this and take it at full value, all our problems will be solved. For whenever our industries become instruments for the production of real men and women, the men and women will take care of the industries. If there were no higher motives than self-interest, this would be true. But when our industries are so conducted that they really develop men and women, there will be higher motives, and we will not say that living the Golden Rule solves our problems. We will say, as has been the case in our industry, that it has eliminated them.

To this end, some of us are sincerely bending every effort, being willing to make any sacrifice and suffer any loss, that may be necessary to the accomplishment and attainment of this final good.

X

SERVICE—HUMAN AND DIVINE

THE innermost core — the veritable heart—of the teaching of Jesus, is the message of service and square-dealing, which means that it is, uncontrovertibly, one of human brotherhood. All this has been said before, you say. To be sure it has. *But it is falling today, as never before, on listening ears.* And in nothing, perhaps, does the practical beneficence of this teaching shine so luminously as in the progress it is unquestionably making as the true philosophy of industrial and civil life. Its patient, yet unfaltering insistence upon brotherhood, co-operation, and their contingent obligations, has told upon the character of states and organizations and communities scarcely less than upon the practice of individuals.

Of course, one is well aware that men of importance and influence may still be counted by the thousand whose rule of life is summed up in that classic epigram of selfishness—

*"That they shall get who have the power,
And they shall keep who can."*

Yet something surely is achieved when those who live by that principle are made ashamed to own it, and are compelled to admit its barbarous coarseness. When all is said and done, public sentiment today *does* exalt a noble ideal, and is embodied in innumerable instances of lofty social efforts and enthusiasms. Men are beginning, as never before, to see that nothing in life is held in absolute ownership; that time, and talent of every sort, constitute a stewardship whose obligations are broad and ceaseless. And the clear effect of this is visible in the changed consciences of the community and of great captains of industry towards their handicapped millions.

In other days—days very far from being old—the state had no higher nor broader conception of its duty than that of protecting the individual from assault upon himself, inroads upon his property and revenue, of keeping legal peace, of defining limits beyond which the individual should not pass. If, in certain old European states, and during epochs in our own national history, the obligations of

government were widened and made to include a certain solicitude for the general welfare, not even the most sympathetic historian can deny the presence of a dishonouring patronage and a discriminating selfishness of management. Not until the most recent years have those sitting in the seat of authority begun to realize a nobler vocation. From curative agencies to preventive measures, is the natural development of a wise sympathy connoting the acquirement of a clearer apprehension of what it really was that Jesus came to earth to teach. In larger measure than ever before, such an attitude claims active interest and support, and demonstrates its being born of a new social conscience, which is the creation of Christ's law of love and service.

One cannot, therefore, but regard this awakening to the paramount character of Christ's social and economic teaching as an evidence of a revival of real religion, in every sense, more deep-seated and permanent than any ephemeral, spasmodic demonstration made by the professional religious revivalist. Although the hour of their willingness to give the Golden Rule absolute application to their affairs has not arrived, yet its truth is almost

universally recognized by all Christian men of business. Time was, and not so long ago, when God's service was supposed to be incompatible and unworkable with what were described as secular or mundane affairs. Even yet, "divine service" is apt to be almost exclusively associated in some minds with churches, chants, sermons, offerings. But the process of seeking in the world of business the means of fulfilling Christ's purpose to and for mankind, is rapidly enlarging our sense of old phrases and our understanding of new opportunities.

There is no substantial difference between "serving our generation by the will of God," and serving the will of God in our generation. A God Who feels Himself "served" and "glorified" in life's every day business experiences and relationships, is as grand a conception—yea, grander—as the God Who is worshipped through an ornate ritual, in stately edifice or hoary cathedral. Jesus never shone with so divine a lustre as when identifying Himself with the actual needs of mankind. Man-service is God-service; we worship Him when we work for our fellow-men.

Let no mistake be made here. This must not be construed to mean that God has no delight in our songs of praise, our prayers, our ordered and regular occasions of worship. Rest assured He is pleased with them and, in the infinitude of His love, makes them for us a means of grace and spiritual sustenance. When they are described as "divine service," they are rightfully and properly described. But is it not right to regard them as occasions of self-service as well as of divine praise? Depend upon it, we get a great deal more from them than we tender in exchange. We get, for instance, a vision of God; a renewal of spiritual power; a fresh hold on the Divine strength; a new light on life's difficult and often darkened way.

God permits us to call all this "divine service"—and so it is. But it is not the end of it; it is only the beginning. Here is where divine service really begins—when the preacher has ceased to speak; when the organ has ceased to sound forth its noble, inspiring notes; when the doors of the sanctuary are closed; when we have returned to the tasks and duties of common life. Then it is, if

these gracious ministries have meant anything at all to us, that we must turn about to find some outlet for the inspiration of our worship. And if we will, we may find it—in succoring the needy, in attacking some gaunt and cruel wrong, in the advocacy of righteousness, justice, sobriety, square and fair dealing. This is the real Christly service, which makes for the authentic establishment and the onward march of the Master's kingdom. And the keynote of it all is the clarion-voiced declaration of Jesus: *"Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets."*

Self-interest, say you? Maybe, but not necessarily. Whatever of this element may accrue, is but the working out of a sound, compensating law. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." No injunction, or demand, or promise made by Jesus in the days of His flesh fails under the acid test of everyday experience. His word was, and is truth—adamantine and eternal. Half-blinded by sordid visions of worldly gain, we may miss the glamour and wizardry of

righteous dealing, and the miracle may hang fire. Yet the fault is all ours, as is the shame the loss.

*"The angels keep their ancient places;
Stir but a stone, and start a wing.
'Tis we, with our estrangèd faces,
Who miss the many-splendoured thing."*

I know of no better way to illustrate the real reward of *living* the teaching of Jesus than by the story of a man who not long ago came into my office.

"I've heard a lot about your 'Golden Rule' factory," he said. "Will you show me through it?"

"Certainly! We'll take the elevator to the sixth floor, and walk down."

We stepped out into a big room where scores of girls were busy at their machines. "Let's go through here," I said, walking along. Then I saw I was talking to myself. The visitor was standing a few feet from the door to the elevator shaft, his face curiously puzzled.

"I've never seen people working so fast before," he remarked. "They're all piece-workers, of course."

"No. Every one in this room is on a weekly wage."

He eyed me sharply. "You're talking to an experienced factory man, Mr. Nash. Don't try to make me believe that!"

"Ask them," I suggested. He did.

Presently we reached the third floor—where all our clothing is cut. This is a job that should have the utmost care.

"What a contrast here!" exclaimed the visitor. "The men at the tables act as though they had oceans of time in which to finish their jobs."

"They're taking pains," I explained.

"Of course *they* are paid by the week, too."

"No. They are the only piece-workers in the plant."

"You mean to tell me that all those people up-stairs, who are working at top speed, are weekly wage earners; and that these men here are paid by the piece?"

There was plain disbelief in his eyes, so I told him the story of how our present plan started and how its amazing results had surprised me as much as anyone else. As we walked along he stopped occasionally to speak to one of the operators.

"I have never seen so happy a bunch of workers," he remarked, as we came back into the office.

"Yes. They are very happy. And so am I."

After a moment's silence he said: "I want you to know that I would rather have done what you have done here, than to have made *all the money in the world.*"

I learned, later, that my visitor was a great manufacturer and financier in a Southern state. To-day, he is one of my close friends.

XI

“SOMETHING ATTEMPTED— SOMETHING DONE”

THE previous chapters of this book I have devoted to telling something of the story of my life, touching on the influences that have gone to the shaping of it, and to relating some of the outstanding incidents in the beginnings of The A. Nash Company. I have quoted what industrial leaders, magazine writers, ministers and educators have had to say concerning our experiment in applying the principles of the Golden Rule. Yet the thought lingers with me that, possibly, there may still remain in the mind of some reader or other an interrogation point as what this all means? I am going to close this book, therefore, with a concrete account of the accomplishment of the last four years of my life, which I can humbly and conscientiously say has been spent in an earnest endeavour to emulate the spirit of the Man of Galilee.

Four days before the date fixed for the delivery of the manuscript of my story into the hands of the publishers, I was called upon to address the students of the Business School at Harvard University. Three days later, I received the stenographic report of that address. It may have been possible for me to prepare something better with which to conclude this book, but I very much doubt it. And so my final word shall be the verbatim report of what was an extemporaneous talk to a student body at this famous seat of learning. That it possibly contains something already referred to in these pages is not, in my judgment, a fault or an unnecessary factor. Rather will it serve to gather up the threads of my narrative, and leave my readers with somewhat clearer vision than would have otherwise been the case, of “something attempted, something done” in the spirit and practice of the Golden Rule:

At the very outset of my address I would have you look over the industrial world, and view the various kinds of industry and, at least, classify the one I am in. I think you will agree that it is not a non-competitive in-

dustry. It is not a semi-competitive industry. I think perhaps, if you know the people that control our industry and the nature of that industry, you will agree with me that it is the most highly competitive industry in the world today. And it is, perhaps, the oldest.

There are two distinct branches of the clothing manufacturing industry; one, the made-to-order branch, or the branch of the industry that makes up garments to individual measure, the other, the wholesale clothiers, who manufacture, in large lots, what we call ready-made clothing. That branch of the industry is known as the wholesale clothing manufacturers. They are led by such great concerns as Hart, Schaffner & Marx, Alfred Decker & Cohen, Stein Bloch, Kuppenheimer, and other great firms. The other branch is known as wholesale tailors. They are led by such firms as the International Tailoring Company, Ed. V. Price, Lamb & Co., and many others.

The wholesale clothier cuts out garments, suits and overcoats in large lots, distributes them among the retail clothing merchants, and they hunt for somebody to fit the garments. The wholesale tailor sends out his

samples to his agents, whoever they may be—usually the small tailor, the dry cleaner, the garage man or the barber—and he exhibits the samples, takes the customer's measure, sends it in to the factory, where they make up a suit that wouldn't fit anybody! That is the class we are in. In the talk and comparisons I make, don't confuse my statement when I speak of the clothing manufacturers in the wholesale tailoring branch—that is the branch I am in and that is what I shall stick to—don't confuse us, I say, with what are known as wholesale clothing manufacturers. So far as the operations are concerned, the difference is all in the cutting. The wholesale tailors cut out each garment separately. After that is done the operations of making are exactly the same as that of the wholesale clothiers, who cut garments out in large lots, with what we call chopping machines.

I am not going to begin my story with the period of our incorporation because we incorporated in June, 1916, and just as we were getting ourselves together, it became evident that our own country was going to enter the World War. My oldest son had already joined the Canadians and gone overseas, and

my youngest son immediately enlisted in the Marines and was getting ready to go over, and while we were incorporated, and had offices and cutting rooms, we did not start any shops before the war. In fact, my first shop was bought during the holidays between 1918 and 1919. So our story really starts with the beginning of 1919.

In the year previous, we did \$132,190.20 worth of business. So you can see we really had no right, at that time, to be called wholesale tailors. There are lots of little retail tailors doing more business than we did during that first year. I want you to get the figures from that time on; then we will go back and try to analyze them and find out what the message in those figures is. As I said at the beginning, they are the credentials I offer for speaking on this subject, because the record I am going to give you now was made in one of the highest competitive businesses in the world, if not *the* highest.

In 1919, we did \$525,678.43 worth of business; in 1920, \$1,580,700.46 worth of business.

Now to get the force of these figures you will have to let your mind travel along the periods that I am talking about. You will

remember that 1919 was the year when everybody got all the business he could take care of. Production was only limited by our ability to produce, and our capital to work with.

The year 1920 was when the public was accused of going on a non-buying strike; when, in July, the American Woolen Company closed down and locked the doors of over fifty per cent. of their mills; when there was over \$100,000,000 worth of woolens and textiles on order, and in process of manufacture, cancelled by the clothing factories of this country; when the clothing factories themselves either closed down, ran part time, manufactured for stock, or went into bankruptcy, as many of them did.

It was this year of 1920 that we did more than three times the business that we did in 1919, or \$1,580,700.46 worth of business.

The year 1921 was known as a year of readjustment, general shrinking in industrial activities, many business failures, and very little expansion. In that year we did \$2,077,599.00 worth of business. That year's business was limited because we reached the capacity of our plant again. In 1919 we had moved out of a little floor space about the

size of the room in which we are now gathered into the building of the Joe Magnus Whisky Distillery Company, which for some reason it was willing to give up July 1, 1919, and we developed it into a clothing factory. We reached the capacity of that factory in 1921, and could not enlarge. During that year we bought the bottling plant of the Moerlein Brewery Company and started to develop that into a clothing factory.

In 1922, in this new plant, we did \$3,751,-181.52 worth of business.

So far, this year, we have produced 7034 more suits and overcoats than we did in the first four months of the two previous years added together, the exact figures being for January, February, March and April of 1921 and 1922 combined, 95,003 suits and overcoats; for January, February, March and April of 1923, 102,037 suits and overcoats. In dollars, in January, February, March and April of 1921 and 1922 combined, we did \$1,653,407.79 worth of business; in January, February, March and April of this year alone, \$1,654,895.89 worth of business.

Now, taken by themselves, these figures might not mean so much; but I think I can

illuminate them a little by laying some other facts along side of them.

At the end of 1918, when we bought our first shops, our original capital was \$4000 short. We were incorporated for \$60,000. When we took our inventory at the end of 1918, we only had \$56,000 intact. Now at the end of last year we had increased our capital stock—at different times of course—from \$60,000 to \$1,000,000. Over \$900,000 of it had been issued and paid for, and we never sold a dollar's worth of stock on the outside. All of this development *was made within the organization itself*. At the end of 1918, when we had the \$60,000 worth of stock issued, I owned over five-sixths of it. Now, with practically \$1,000,000 issued, I only own about half of it. The rest is owned by the workers themselves. In other words, this development has been made, all the way through, on capital earned as we made the development. If we had had the capital poured into us, to take care of the business that we rejected in 1919, or rather could not go out after, we might have done as much business the first year as we are doing now.

Now if you take into consideration these

facts I think you will recognize that at least I have a just claim to speak on the subject that I am going to try to get across to you. And that thing might be called by several different names. It might be called Fundamental Industrial Economics or Fundamental Sociology; but to me it is Fundamental Religion.

About a year ago *Success* Magazine sent a writer to our plant, not to make the usual magazine investigation by interviewing the president and some of the heads and getting a story with his picture, but they sent Ruth White Colton, of Brooklyn, there to get a job in the factory and go to work, and not let the president of the company or any of the bosses know who she was or anything about it. Under the name of Hattie Clark she got that job and she worked two weeks before she was discovered. She made a statement after she came out of our shop that I want to read to you:

“ Finally, my purpose accomplished, I disclosed my identity as a magazine writer, lost my job, and gained the privilege of wandering, notebook in hand, through the factory, of asking questions and formulating my own

conclusions. The contents of the notebook are certainly worthy of study, for they represent the concrete effects of a spiritual revelation and an industrial revolution, for that is really what has come to pass in this small segment of the clothing industry. As to conclusions I am not so sure, for there is no hint of anything so limited as a conclusion in the Golden Rule factory.” *

You know, it seems to be one of the ambitions of humanity to reach definite conclusions. A conclusion is usually just what the word indicates—the end, the finish, the stopping up of all avenues of development. That is what a conclusion usually amounts to, if my impression is a correct one. Industrial Economics as it is being taught in our schools sets forth that the fundamental thing in industry is the devising of some scheme or system of hours, working conditions, and wages that will enable a concern to get production that can meet competition. I want to say to you, young men, that that theory *is not sound*, and any one using it as a foundation, is building on the sand.

While I am dealing with this question of

* See page 103.

definite conclusions, permit me to refer to something that was said at a great ministers' conference I addressed the other day. During the discussion one of them said: "Mr. Nash, why don't you outline your system in a book so that other people can copy it?"

"My brother," I said, "did I say anything about a system?"

I want to make a fundamental statement here: It is not possible to make a mechanism of love, brotherhood, or that something that bloweth where it listeth and we cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth. You cannot make those things into a mechanism.

Now, in order that I may not be misunderstood in this statement, and as, in the introduction, some men have been mentioned who have taken some great forward steps in cementing human relationships, and as Professor James said in his introduction that he thought Mr. Nash would go all the others one better and say the whole thing is the spirit, I want to say this: To my mind, those men are not doing what they are because of the mechanism, *but in spite of it*. They are doing it because of the spirit of brotherhood that is in them and their organization.

You will pardon me if I refer to what is considered perhaps a little more spiritual field than industry, because there we have a great illustration of the same thing. I wish that you young men might have known one of a great bishop who has just passed into the larger sphere of life as I knew him. There is nobody who really knew him who believes that the mechanism of the great Church to which he belonged, made him the great democratic spirit he was. We know that he became what he was in spite of that mechanism. We all know that Abraham Lincoln became the great spirit that he was in spite of the political mechanism of his time. And there is no one that would dare to argue for a moment that the religious mechanism of His time helped constructively to develop the simplicity and idealism of Jesus. There was a time when those mechanisms would not allow free development. They burned at the stake those bodies that possessed such spirits, or pulled them to pieces with the rack or tortured them with the thumb screw; and it was the Works Council of Judaism, and not the Jewish people, that crucified Jesus Christ, because He could not be fitted into that mechanism.

Now I know all of the arguments that are put forward for the other side. Perhaps some of you are ready to say: "Well, we have to have some kind of machinery, some kind of mechanism for the spirit to express itself through." Yes, I know; we have been saying that for thousands of years, but we have never yet demonstrated it. And, I suppose, that in your universities and colleges you have, especially in your laboratories, more confidence in the things that have been demonstrated, than you have in the things that have been preached and left without demonstration.

Young men, I am not saying that it is impossible to form such a mechanism. I am confessing to you frankly that I have not arrived at a definite conclusion, and I am warning you against the men who declare themselves as having arrived at one, because they have also arrived at a place that shuts out development.

You notice that I have constantly used the word "mechanism." This is because I believe there is a difference in the spiritual sense between "organization" and "organism," and I believe that in most of the organization work that we have tried to do in this world we have

made a mechanism out of it; and human beings, who are spiritual beings, do not fit as cogs into a thing that is worked out on an architect's plan, or by a mechanic. We can't build such a machine and then say, "Bring on your human beings and fit them into this thing." It doesn't work that way. Somehow or other I still cling to the hope that there is such a thing as an organism of human spirits that *will* work. But whenever that organism begins functioning, it will be human spirits in free co-operation. Every spirit in it will be absolutely free. But there will be an incentive, there will be a goal, there will be a hope, that will lead those free people with one accord to co-operate to the *n*th degree. Perhaps my brethren who are arguing for a machine to do this job will say that the organism of free spirits that I have just pictured will be the finest organization ever produced in God's universe. All right; so be it.

"What does this mean in industry?" some one may be saying. "What is it that gives The Nash Co. this marvelous production?"

Let me try to make clear what it means by helping you to set up both kinds of factory in your imagination. I am going to talk to you

now just as if you were a group of workers in my factory. I will own both plants and you start to work for me. We get together in the first one, and something like this is said: "Now, we will work out a piece of machinery that will see that I pay you the right wages and give you the right working conditions, and that you give me the right production. We will all put ourselves into the hands of that piece of machinery, and when we get into an argument,—when you think I am not doing the square thing or when I think you are not giving me a square deal—we will carry our troubles to that piece of machinery and abide by its decision." Do you think with such an arrangement I should be able to get the same kind of work and the same kind of production out of you that I would if I were to go at it in another way which I am about to outline?

Imagine that I represent the organization and you start as employes—just as my people did when I bought my shop in Cincinnati. I say to you: "Now you are all my brothers and sisters, children of the same great Father, entitled to all the justice and fair treatment I want for myself. And, God being my helper,

I am going to give it to you. The Golden Rule is going to be the only governing law in this factory, which means that I must do by each one of you just what I would want you to do by me if I were doing the work and you were up in the office paying me the wages. All I ask of you, is to do by me just as you would want me to do if you were in the office and I were doing the work." That is exactly what I *did* say to the people in my factory. I repeat my question: Do you think the results from the first system would be comparable to those accruing from the second. They would not, and please remember that without any semblance of egotism that I *know*.

Young men, I am talking about something now that is so intensely spiritual that it cannot be camouflaged. One man said to me the other day: "We tried to copy your institution. We have read carefully all your pamphlets and everything you have published; every step you have taken, we have taken, yet all we got was friction and all kinds of trouble."

"Did you take the brotherhood step?" I asked him.

"What do you mean?" he answered.

"You haven't yet taken *any* steps that we

took, if you don't know what that means," was my reply.

Brotherhood to me is a reality. Every man and woman that walks on God's footstool is a child of my Father equally entitled to all His blessings as I am myself. The sacredness of that kinship is the essential thing in the philosophy I am now talking to you about.

But to go back to our mental picture of the factory: After I had given you this little talk, of course you would say: "I wonder what kind of bunk that is." At any rate that is what the average worker would say if a man went into a factory in the way I have indicated. Well, this factory starts off just the same as the one with its elaborate industrial machine, and it goes along a little way just the same as any factory where they are giving only the production of their hands—turning out the work that the machine demands of them. The cogs are turning, the machine is grinding. The employes start to work with their hands; their eye is on the time clock and their heart is on pay day.

But after I have been in and given my little talk, suddenly, something happens. The

work people find a piece of work coming through that attracts their mentality,—something they see some beauty in. They begin to take some pride in the thing they are producing, their minds get into action and their eyes are drawn from the clock to the thing they are doing. The employe's mentality becomes centered on what he is doing. He does not think of what the Works Council or the machine, or anything else says; *he is interested in the thing under his hand*. His mind is at work.

Then the great fundamental thing happens, when what in the past had been known as the boss, the slave driver, is recognized by the work people, not as a boss, not a dictator, not a taskmaster, but a brother, interested in everything they do. Then the spirit of Love begins to come in. And it goes out to the customer who is supporting the institution. They begin to regard him as their brother, and say: “We must live the Golden Rule with him, too.” They realize the fact that the institution has become a broadcasting station sending messages of love and brotherhood to the world. Thus the heart enters into the transaction, and you have a group giving hand, head, and heart action. Will you tell

me how are you going to get the same production out of any other kind of a bunch, no matter how many hours they work?

“See here,” some one of you may be saying, “we are not from Missouri, but we *are* in Harvard, and you will have to show us.” Well, let me *try* to show you—in facts and figures. Our factory, turning out three finished suits of clothes every minute—and shipping them to the customers, works five days each week, eight hours a day, forty hours a week. Other clothing factories of the country, with two exceptions, work forty-four, and many of them forty-eight hours a week. We have made a very thorough investigation, in so far as these factories will give us the information (and we do not believe any of them have discounted what they can do), and find that there is not another factory that, in a forty-four or forty-eight hour week, gets any more production per worker than our factory does in a forty-hour week. Most of them do not come within fifteen per cent of us, and some of them have a production plant that is simply a wonder to look at!

In spite of all I have said, however, I am still perfectly well aware that in order to get

very many converts here, I should have to do as I did over at the Institute of Technology—stay for five or six meetings, and follow the whole thing through. That, as you know, is not possible with this class. But, young men, there are *some* things I want you to take seriously, and think over,—things which I am going to lay down as being absolutely fundamental.

First, I want to say to you that the laws of God governing human relationships are as fixed, as unalterable, as workable, and as unbreakable as any of the laws of nature—as the law of gravity itself.

To get that statement a little clearer, let me make another. In the real sense of the term, about the silliest thing we do in this world is to talk about making laws. Man never made a law, never *will* make a law. Man cannot even break a law. He can break himself against one, but he cannot affect the great fixed laws of the Eternal God. Newton did not make the law of gravity; he discovered it. We are not making the laws governing the use of the radio today; we are simply discovering them. And in any organisms we may try to set up in our industry, no

matter what that industry may be, we cannot make a law there any more than we can anywhere else. Whenever and wherever there is an organization that can make conditions which are favourable for the discovery and operation of the eternal, fixed laws of God, and the revelation of them to the workers, instead of trying to establish a set of laws it is supposed to have made itself, then you have an organization that amounts to something well worth while.

THE FUNDAMENTAL THING IN INDUSTRIAL ECONOMICS, AS WELL AS IN ALL PHASES OF HUMAN RELATIONSHIPS, IS TO ADJUST ALL CONDITIONS SO AS TO DEVELOP HUMAN BEINGS OF "FULL STATURE" THROBBING WITH THAT "MORE ABUNDANT LIFE" WHICH THE CHRIST CAME THAT WE MIGHT HAVE.

In other words, ABILITY, ENERGY, AND WEALTH SHOULD BE DEVOTED TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF MEN AND WOMEN. IF OUR INSTITUTIONS ARE BUILT ON THIS PHILOSOPHY, WE MAY REST ASSURED THEY ARE ON A SOLID FOUNDATION, AND WILL WITHSTAND ALL STORMS.

If they are built on the rock of Christ's teachings, the rains and the floods and the

storms—and all these things have hit this business that I have been telling you about—and mark you, Jesus didn't say that they would not come; He said they would beat upon it, but it would stand, because it was founded upon a rock. Not a single shingle has been moved off that building, not a check in the growth of that institution has come. It has gone right on through all these conditions that we have experienced. And it is my belief that Brotherhood—the Golden Rule in operation—is the only hope of humanity,—industrially, socially, nationally, and internationally. That is the philosophy on which we have tried to build our business, on which it still continues to be operated.

Permit me to say here, with me, Christianity is not simply a theory to be believed. Christianity is not believing a theory, *but* LIVING A LIFE. *That* is what I am talking about. And whenever we make industry Christian in that sense, we will stop using men and women to make money, and get to using money in order to make men and women. Then, we will not have to worry about the industry. Men and women who get to look at things in the fashion I have just pictured to you grow

to love the institution and will take care of that institution. I believe that any system of economics or sociology or business teaching to be unsound that does not start on this fundamental basis: that the men and women connected with it are the important, the vital, asset of that business, and that their development, their bringing into that more abundant life that Christ came to teach men how to obtain, *is the important and the fundamental thing on which to build any institution.*

Please remember that I am not talking about something that depends on the bigness or littleness of an organization. When ours was a little factory of twenty-nine people; when they fought their way into that clothing factory building through picket lines, people said: "Well, it is a little thing and Nash is personally acquainted with all that little group. He can do it there, but he couldn't do it with a big industry." Today, with over three thousand workers, representing the biggest industry of its kind in the country, and I, myself, nearly all the time away from the factory, that spirit of brotherhood, that leaven which put into the meal has leavened the whole of the lump, goes on working and

working—challenging every attack that can be levied against it. Our critics, today, reverse their criticism. Down in Birmingham, Alabama, they said to me: Well, you are the leader, the biggest in your line, so that you set the pace of the market and others have to wait and see what *you* do, before they can do anything, we understand how you may be able to do these things; how you can give your people shorter hours and better wages and get away with it. But what would you do if you were a poor little industry?” The wheel has turned full circuit!

In conclusion: I am tremendously in earnest in the appeal I am now making to you. I want you to accept this assurance. If you cannot do it otherwise, do it with all the doubt and disbelief you may have hanging about you, *but do it*, with this word ringing in your ears—that in the philosophy of Jesus and in His philosophy, alone, is centred the hope of the world. Remember, I am not talking about any of the fifty-seven varieties of philosophy extant *about* Him; I am talking about *His* philosophy, and therein lies all the difference. I am talking about the marvelous revelation of sociology, psychology and

theology He gave the world, which He summed up, and put into one sentence, in the Sermon on the Mount, when He said:

“THEREFORE, ALL THINGS WHATSOEVER YE WOULD THAT MEN SHOULD DO TO YOU DO YE EVEN SO TO THEM: FOR THIS IS THE LAW AND THE PROPHETS.”

In that, and that alone, lies the hope of mankind. The world has tried every scheme that the ingenuity of man can invent, and has failed miserably. It has been demonstrated in our organization that the philosophy of Jesus will work, and in every place that it has been made real, it *has* worked just as it has done in ours. It is the only way out. “And He to Whom we must look as the great Captain in this liberation and enlargement of our life, is One Whose teaching, while based on the same Scriptures used by the Scribes, was of another tone and character; of Whom His disciples could say as He recalled the lessons He had drawn from the Law and the Prophets: ‘Did not our hearts burn within us as He talked with us by the way?’ ”

